



THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,631, Vol. 63.

January 29, 1887.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE tributes to the memory of Lord IDDESLEIGH which preceded the commencement of the debate on the Address, in reply to a QUEEN'S Speech of an unusually guarded character, were in both Houses paid with grace and feeling; but as between the leaders of the two parties they could not but recall at this particular juncture of politics the complimentary salute which is to be followed by a duel to the death. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's long-promised explanation struck the first note of contention, and provided, if we mistake not, the material for much bitter Parliamentary strife hereafter. No exception can be taken to it on the score of outward propriety of tone and language; but as a defence of his resignation it was even more ineffective than the severest critics of the late Minister's action could have expected, and there were certain points in it which, in our opinion, will tend further to reduce the already gravely diminished confidence of his party and the public in his loyalty as a politician. Of such a character was the gratuitous and thoroughly mischievous insinuation that the Government he had just quitted are pursuing an unduly warlike policy with respect to the Bulgarian crisis—an insinuation the natural effect of which, though it was refuted by the QUEEN'S Speech itself, was immediately visible in the eagerness with which the hinted charge was seized upon by Mr. GLADSTONE. As regards the ostensible reasons alleged by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL for his retirement from the Cabinet, they are so signally inadequate as to excite a doubt whether they can even have imposed upon himself. It is true that his insistence on economical Estimates is an affair of some months' standing; but this fact, though it was put forward by him with a view of clearing himself of the charge of precipitancy, has also another, and for him a much less favourable, import. For the longer the time that has elapsed since the late Chancellor of the Exchequer first formulated his demand for retrenchment, the more time he has had to discover and indicate those particular points in military and naval expenditure at which retrenchment could be safely recommended. Either, then, he neglected to make such use of this interval, or else he so employed it in vain. In the latter case—in the case of his being unable, after due inquiry, to specify any practicable economies in military or naval administration—it was obviously his duty to withdraw his general objections to the Estimates as excessive. If, on the other hand, he made no effort to convince his colleagues of the feasibility of his policy of retrenchment by "condescending upon particulars," the sincerity of that policy is exposed to grave suspicion. It is difficult to understand the views of a Minister who professes to be convinced against the opinion of experts that economies of some kind can be effected in military and naval expenditure, and who yet is unable, after months employed in or available for investigation, to make any better suggestion than that money might be saved by leaving our coaling-stations unprotected.

This, however, is not the only element in the case which throws doubt upon the *bona fides* of Lord RANDOLPH's economical professions. Their unreality—or, at any rate, the extreme indefiniteness of their import—appears to us to reflect itself in the inconsistency of his defence. He dwelt upon the fact that the Army and Navy Estimates had increased during the last three years by as much as six millions a year in order to justify the claim that "it was a question of exceedingly large magnitude"

on which he resigned. Yet in denying immediately afterwards, as he was of course bound to do, that he entertained the preposterous idea that so large an increase could be at once struck off, he goes far to reduce the "question of exceedingly large magnitude" to one of comparative insignificance. He would have been satisfied, he says, with a reduction of half a million on the Estimates of the present year. The "mere commencement of an effort to return to a more normal state of expenditure" would, he tells us, have contented him. But here again we find it difficult to comprehend the position of a Minister who would be satisfied with so very "mere" a commencement of economy as a reduction of half a million in the combined Estimates for the two services, and yet cannot tolerate the idea of deferring that commencement so much as a single year. Lord RANDOLPH's contention that he was bound by his public pledges to insist on an immediate reduction of expenditure is one which it is difficult to treat with becoming gravity. Who, indeed, could repress a smile if he heard PROTEUS contending that his assumption of any new form would be a gross breach of faith towards the public, and shake all confidence for the future in the fixity of his corporeal shape?

The debate on the Address in the House of Lords was in several particulars of unusual interest. Incidentally it afforded the PRIME MINISTER an opportunity of answering, by way of reply to Lord GRANVILLE, those criticisms of the new departmental arrangements of the Ministry for which Mr. GLADSTONE we imagine is mainly responsible, and which he urged at greater length in the House of Commons. Lord SALISBURY's defence of his action in uniting the offices of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary was complete. It differed from Mr. GLADSTONE's attack upon it by all the difference which divides facts from words, and disposed of the vague charge that the arrangement is "unconstitutional" by showing that as a matter of fact the action of a Foreign Secretary, even when he combines that office with the Premiership, has been brought under modern conditions far more within the control of other people than it would have been in former days under the superintendence of a Prime Minister. It is absurd, as one of Lord SALISBURY's illustrations reminds us, to suppose that our foreign policy was subjected to stricter external restraint in the hands of, for instance, Lord PALMERSTON, under the Premiership of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, than it is under the arrangement at present in force.

It is just worth while, perhaps, to have glanced at the Opposition criticism and its answer, though it has delayed our arrival at what was by far the most important passage of the debate on the Address—the challenge to the official Opposition to defend their attitude with reference to the lawless conspiracy in Ireland. In the Upper House, where the duty of responding to the challenge, delivered with indignant force by Lord SELBORNE, fell to an ex-Lord Chancellor—and an ex-Lord Chancellor, even when he has served under Mr. GLADSTONE, labours under certain obvious difficulties in an attempt to defend the Plan of Campaign—Lord HERSHELL dealt with his task by resorting to an ingenious *distinguo*. The Plan of Campaign was clearly illegal, he said, because the Courts in Ireland had declared it to be so; and as to its morality, that the late keeper of HER MAJESTY'S conscience does not, as we understand him, venture to defend. He contends, however, apparently that the Separatist Liberals, in whose political interests the "Plan" was originally started, and who believe

themselves to be profiting by its prosecution, would be acting improperly in condemning the conduct of those who prosecute it because certain persons are at the present moment awaiting their trial on this charge. In other words, because A B, under trial for burglary, has not yet been convicted of the crime, and it is consequently wrong to denounce him by name as a burglar, we are therefore justified in declining not only to say, when pointedly appealed to, that we consider burglars immoral men, but even to disclaim any desire or intention of participating in the proceeds of the crime. It might be calculated to unfairly prejudice BILL SIKES's prospects of acquittal if one were to express even so much as a general disapproval of house-breakers; and it is even due to him not to repudiate the rôle of FAGIN when imputed to ourselves. That, at least, appears to us to be Lord HERSCHELL's position with regard to the Plan of Campaign. Mr. GLADSTONE is contemptuous of all such refinements. There is a hearty shamelessness about his references to the Plan of Campaign which is really refreshing after the lawyer-like subtleties of his former Chancellor. "You ask me," he said, "what I think of the Plan of Campaign. I think that you [his opponents] have brought it about by refusing to accept 'Mr. PARNELL's Bill.' You ask me, that is to say, what I think of the latest exploit of the Sicilian brigand, and I reply that the gentleman who has unhappily lost his ears, as well as his money, has brought it upon himself by his foolish and heartless refusal to be blackmailed. We leave out of consideration all such little trifles as Mr. GLADSTONE's flagrantly dishonest reference to the 'horrors'—which he well knows, from evidence which even he must recognize as unimpeachable, to be really the imposture—of the Glenbeigh evictions, and his knowingly false implication that a measure of relief which would have been only applicable to tenants who could and would pay fifty per cent. of their arrears could have saved from eviction tenants who have refused to pay as much as ten per cent., though perfectly able to do so. All such trifles as this, we say, we pretermit. They sink into insignificance beside the fact that a man who has assisted in the administration of law on and off for some forty years should lay it down as a principle that any class of persons to whom Parliament has refused a pecuniary advantage at the expense of their landlords are therefore justified in taking it by force.

THE LIVERPOOL ELECTION.

WHEN Mr. GOSCHEN formed the courageous resolution of contesting a seat which had been lately held by a Gladstonite, he was well aware of the difficulties which he was about to encounter. As the representative of a coalition professedly formed for a special purpose, he was exposed to the risk of abstention on the part of two different sections of the constituency. No Unionist and no Conservative was likely to support his opponent; but on either side lingering party prejudices might deprive him of active support. The leaders of both the constitutional parties set an excellent example to their political associates; but until the contest was decided it was impossible to feel absolute confidence in the result. Mr. GOSCHEN himself did his best for the cause in a series of eloquent and judicious speeches; but even the most skilful orator may under such conditions incline too much to one side or to the other. The Separatist candidate laboured under no similar embarrassment. He had only to repeat the stalest commonplaces of his party, and he was certain that the malcontent Irish and their English allies would vote for him as one man. It is easier to rally a number of partisans round a blue or yellow flag than to rely with confidence on an appeal to intelligent patriotism. The doubts which were entertained from the beginning of the contest have been justified by the result. The Separatists, English and Irish, polled their full numbers; but more than a thousand Unionists, probably for the reasons which have been suggested, unwisely abstained from voting.

In the last century several French and English writers criticized the customs and institutions of their own respective countries from the point of view of some imaginary Persian, or Chinaman, or enlightened Red Indian. Little care was taken to preserve dramatic consistency, inasmuch as the object of the simple fiction was to represent the judgment of an unprejudiced mind on the system of European civilization. VOLTAIRE's *Huron* would have been interested in the illustration of representative government

which has been furnished by the Liverpool election. A statesman who by common consent is admitted to be admirably qualified for the management of his own department, and for a considerable share in the general conduct of public business, offered himself to a great commercial constituency in opposition to an obscure candidate who has the solitary merit of being a thoroughgoing partisan. There was no doubt that almost all those electors whose interests are identified with general prosperity and good government preferred Mr. GOSCHEN to Mr. NEVILLE; yet the contest was doubtful because a large number of voters were hostile to the Government and Constitution. The Irish Gladstonites are also Parnellites, or enemies of the unity of the kingdom. Their English leader only differs from his Nationalist colleague in virtue of his fantastic paradox that an Irish Parliament would not claim practical independence. Mr. GOSCHEN's personal claims, as well as his political opinions, were probably considered by his supporters; but the Separatists could not forget the powerful speeches in which he exposed the tendency of Mr. GLADSTONE's Home Rule Bill. The ingenuous visitor from the West or extreme East would have been justified in the conclusion that large masses of capable citizens cared little or nothing for the qualifications of their members.

Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, in his speech at Hawick, did Mr. GOSCHEN no more than justice in his acknowledgment that his course during many years had been ever in the eyes of a political opponent absolutely unobjectionable. In 1880 he declined high office, and made the more painful sacrifice of popularity by refusing to concur in the demand for a wide extension of the franchise. The reason which he assigned for holding aloof from his party was that a democratic constituency would habitually be guided by sentiment and passion rather than by the rules of political prudence and economic science. His later votes were protests against special instances of the results which he had anticipated. When a House of Commons elected by household suffrage supported at the instance of Mr. GLADSTONE a Bill for the compulsory subdivision of landed estates, Mr. GOSCHEN was almost the only Liberal member who opposed a dangerous and unjust interference with the rights of property. He has never encouraged the Socialistic tendencies which affect so many experiments in recent legislation. Mr. GOSCHEN is too clear-sighted to think that his co-operation with the Conservative party can be limited to the question of Irish Union or Separation. There is no doubt that he has sacrificed cherished associations to duty in taking office in the present Government; but the place which he now occupies is more suitable than any Liberal combination which could have been formed. The old Whig formula of Liberty and Property might now be appropriated by the Conservative party.

Nothing can be more natural than Mr. GOSCHEN's insistence on his claim to a place among Liberal politicians. One of his hostile critics lately admitted the truth of his statement, with the qualification that Mr. GOSCHEN was a Liberal of twenty years ago. The taunt implies a confession that the characteristics of the Liberal party, or rather of its dominant section, have in recent times been not only modified but reversed. Mr. GOSCHEN steadily maintains the principles which he shared with his party when he long ago held office under Mr. GLADSTONE, or when, at a later time, he joined in the opposition against Mr. DISRAELI. In his speeches during the Liverpool contest he has had nothing to explain or to retract. He joins Lord SALISBURY's Administration with the approval and under the pressure of a Liberal statesman who was once the leader of the united party, and who is still followed by a large number of its most respectable members. Now, as always, Mr. GOSCHEN is opposed to a policy of fiscal extravagance; and he is the more likely to give effect to his convictions because he recognizes the wasteful tendency of sudden and capricious reductions of expenditure. He would not have joined Lord SALISBURY's Government if he had not been satisfied that the policy of the Foreign Office is both firm and pacific, and especially that it is steady and uniform. It would be a national misfortune if one of the ablest and most accomplished of statesmen were permanently excluded from official life, because he has been unable to keep pace with Mr. GLADSTONE's rapid gyrations. It would be a scandalous anomaly that his return to Parliament should finally depend on the ability of a commercial constituency to outvote the numerous Irish Nationalists who happen to have settled in the Exchange Ward of Liverpool; but the Parnellites and Gladstonites were guided by a sound instinct in offering

uncompromising opposition to a loyal defender of the unity of the kingdom and of the rights of property.

It will of course be one of the first objects of the Government to provide Mr. GOSCHEN with a seat. If it is true that one of the members for the University of Oxford is willing to retire in Mr. GOSCHEN's favour, there will be no difficulty in ascertaining the reception which his candidature would obtain from the constituency, and they would in the first instance be confidentially consulted. University graduates would not be inclined to conceal their intentions, even if they had not been by law exempt from the operation of the Ballot. It is understood that the academic Liberalism, which some times had become conspicuous by its extravagance, has ceased to be generally popular at Oxford and at Cambridge. There as elsewhere the great mass of educated electors desires to maintain national unity; nor has their familiarity with the doctrines of a few Positivists and Socialists who are still to be found among them impressed them with sympathy or respect. Mr. GOSCHEN's personal claims on the respect and confidence of the Universities are not inconsiderable. He was eminent as a scholar before he engaged in practical life, first as a member of a financial house, and afterwards as a member for the City of London and a Minister. Five-and-twenty years ago he was perhaps the only Oxford First Class man who had thoroughly mastered the abstruse subjects of the currency and of foreign exchanges. If any difficulty should be found in providing Mr. GOSCHEN with a University seat, there can be no doubt that some Conservative constituency will be ready to find room for an eminent Unionist leader who is also a principal member of the Cabinet. Mr. GOSCHEN would have preferred success in his attempt to rescue a part of the great commercial city from Irish domination; but, having once chosen his course, Mr. GOSCHEN is not likely to shrink from its consequences or conditions.

The first week of the Session will throw additional light on the prospects of the Government; but it is certain that success will largely depend on its own resolution and energy. There is no reason to doubt that Lord HARTINGTON and his section of Unionist Liberals will remain faithful to the patriotic alliance which has been formed. On the other side, Mr. GLADSTONE will exert both his oratorical power and the skill in combination of factions, which must be distinguished from the judicious management of a party. The remnant of Separatist Liberals will, in the hope of reunion with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his followers, deprecate the violence of the O'BRIENS and HARRINGTONS, and of such English agitators as Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. CONYBEARE. There is reason to apprehend a recrudescence of obstruction when the Government proposes its scheme of Parliamentary procedure; nor will the violence of Opposition be mitigated when the House of Commons is asked to affirm a measure which will be denounced as a scheme of coercion. It is doubtful whether the promised Bill for local government will be reached before the close of the Session. It is scarcely pretended that the institution of County Boards is urgently required, but it will remedy an anomaly, and if it is wisely and boldly designed, it will remove a plausible grievance. It may be hoped that Mr. GOSCHEN's influence will be felt in making the Local Government Bill simple, complete, and final.

THE WAR SCARE.

THE scare of the beginning of this week had no very peculiar or distinguishing features, though it would not be useless to that Professor of Foreign Politics who is perhaps even more wanted than the much-talked-of Professor of English Literature. It matters little to what it was ultimately due, or who was responsible for the mistake of the *Daily News*; and the protests of the *Daily News* itself were quite unnecessary, for the persons who are really responsible for a hoax of this kind always take care to choose an innocent victim. Perhaps some ingenious speculator reflected that anglers in that lake of darkness the "black pool" of agio have hitherto got but little benefit from the political troubling of the waters from which Europe is suffering, and that it was really time to make a haul. Perhaps some fervent Gladstonian saw his opportunity of making a little more capital against the wicked Government. Perhaps it was merely done in sport—a proceeding accurately foreseen and described by the sacred writer in the matter of firebrand flinging. But it could not possibly have had any effect but for the general ignorance and

gullibility of the public on this particular point. So long as people will persist in thinking that foreign politics are a matter of backstairs information—to be augured on from the tone in which the Duke calls for his garters or the attitude in which the Lord Chamberlain holds the royal tea-cup—it will always be possible to raise scares of this kind. A strict believer in the doctrine of compensation may indeed urge that this peculiarity assists in the dispersal as well as in the contrivance of panics. If anybody has really been consoled in his tremors by the assurance that the wood stacked in the Lorraine forests is only meant to build pacific fences for the next Paris Exhibition, and that the destiny of purchased horses is the harmless necessary omnibus, he is a very fortunate man, and may be said to be a valuable example for the purposes of believers in what may be called political homeopathy.

The truth of course is, that nothing has been changed in the facts of the situation since last week; or, that to speak with great accuracy, what changes have taken place are such as to have in a way neutralized each other. Of the two foci of possible European disturbance, the Bulgarian is rather less threatening, and the German-French rather, but not seriously, more threatening. Very different opinions are entertained as to the possibility of a real *modus* being attained in reference to the Bulgarian difficulty. Perhaps the most favourable symptom is the utterly extravagant character of the demands said to have been put forward at Constantinople by M. ZANKOFF. They are such as could not possibly be granted; but, on the other hand, they are exactly such as can be receded from with a certain air of grace, especially considering that they have not been ostensibly put forward by Russia herself. The retirement of the Regents, in a matter which has been so complicated with personal feeling all through, might by no means improbably procure the equivalent of the retirement of the Mingrelian person. It is perfectly certain that England has given no encouragement to the restoration of Prince ALEXANDER, who, indeed, as was pointed out at the time, forfeited his chances by retiring of his own free will after his rescue from the Russian kidnappers. No attention need be paid to those who try to make out that Austria is in some way or other insulted or damaged by Prince BISMARCK's recent course. It appears to be clear that in almost all the European Courts, even those supposed to be friendly to Russia, the Bulgarian delegates have had broad hints given them that, if the Regency maintains local order and makes apparent but not serious concessions to Russia, the Russians will be powerless to do the liberties of Bulgaria any real harm. That is the exact conclusion of the matter which common sense dictates, and though from time to time Russian designs on the freedom of the Balkan States will of course be renewed, there is no reason why they should not, for the present, at any rate, be peaceably defeated. That is all that can be said, but fortunately it is quite enough. On the side of Bulgaria there is no more fear of a great upset than there has been for months past; there may even be a little less, as the QUEEN'S Speech in fact asserts.

On the second and more important side things are, no doubt, not so satisfactory, or rather are more unsatisfactory. It does not require much acuteness to see where the real danger lies. It suits Prince BISMARCK, no doubt, to emphasize a little anything that may make for his favourite projects. It is pleasant for General BOULANGER to become a European personage. But nobody supposes that the German CHANCELLOR would willingly provoke a real war, and the most accurate diagnosis of the French General's character may perhaps lead to the same conclusion in his own case. General BOULANGER might probably adopt the regrets of OTHELLO with a qualification. He is, no doubt, sincerely attached to the "plumed troop," the "neighing steed," the "shrill trumpet," and so forth. But he can have all these without the "big wars," and he may possibly have a shrewd suspicion that the big wars would be the very thing to lose him steed and plumes and trumpet and all. A nation which cannot endure a Prime Minister for more than an average of about six months is very unlikely to be tolerant of a general for even six weeks, unless he gains continual successes. And General BOULANGER is quite soldier enough to know that neither he nor any one else is at all likely to be able to telegraph *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, in a war between France and Germany. Yet it is this very instant and unsettled temper in the French nation which is the great danger of the situation in the West; just as the caprices of the CZAR are the great source of danger in the East. It has just been exemplified in the most curious fashion by the

renewed outbreak of French ill-humour against England. An English newspaper (with what motive and on what authority is its own business) starts a war panic, and accordingly almost all French newspapers, by the space of forty-eight hours or more, proceed to cry out against perfidious England. The action of those who misled the editor of the *Daily News* may have been misjudged, or corrupt, or what not; but to make it the occasion of diatribes against England is simply absurd. But the fact is, that the French seem to be suffering from a serious relapse into that state of flutter and vapours which has recurred so often in their history, and has been nearly always followed by evil results to themselves and to Europe. They fancied a few years ago that the results of 1870 were, except as far as the actual loss of territory was concerned, nearly wiped out. They entered on an ambitious colonial policy, and at least bid for the recovery of a foremost place in Europe. Their colonial enterprises have been little more than costly failures; and as for their European policy, they have recently had the mortifying experience of being thrown over by Russia for Germany, despite undignified, and certainly uninvited, attempts to throw their Republic into the arms of despotism. Accordingly they are very angry, and it is in this anger that the danger lies. If it were certain always to exhale in abuse of England, nobody need mind much, and certainly Englishmen need mind very little. But it is quite different in regard to the Continental neighbours of France. Italy is extremely unlikely to trail the coat, and Germany is no doubt sincere in desiring to avoid war if possible. But the recent policy of France towards both Powers, and especially towards Germany, is exactly of the kind which some day or other may tempt some hot-headed underling to do acts which may set all Europe in a blaze. To possess strength (and at this moment France no doubt possesses very considerable strength) in quietness and confidence has never been a French attribute, and to possess it in a fussy and fuming condition of nervousness is a very dangerous and awkward thing. The complete headlessness of the nation is at this moment a grave disaster. M. GRÉVY, indeed, it is known, has to some extent a sedative influence; but this influence is always rather gingerly exerted, and it is by no means sure that it is strong enough to resist or to turn a sudden wave of popular frenzy. As for General BOUTANGER, he is not known to possess any of the qualities of HENRY of Navarre, except a plume—which is a property, and that in a special sense, rather than a quality.

THE LUCK OF BUFFALO.

THE city of Buffalo, in the United State of New York, is probably better known to the English public for the traditional salutory renown of its young women than for any other of its titles to fame. It is, therefore, especially pleasing to learn that the patriotic munificence of Citizen JAMES FRASER GLUCK has endowed it with a wonder of which America does not contain the like. This is neither more nor less than an immense collection of original MSS. and autograph letters written by persons of modern literary distinction. The word modern here means that the collection does not include the manuscripts of HOMER, DANTE, or CHARLES I.; but it is not used in its strictest sense, for ROBERT BURNS and Mr. BROWNING, SOUTHEY and TENNYSON, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN and N. P. WILLIS, are all laid under contribution. So is the antiquated fogey DICKENS, though the abject THACKERAY is allowed to sink into deserved oblivion, probably because the piracies committed upon his smaller *disiecta membra* have of late years made his "copy" rather scarce.

The method adopted seems to have been to beg or buy two classes of documents—first, letters, and, secondly, MSS. of published works; and, in accordance with the national taste, the more pages these latter contained the more satisfaction they appear to have given. "Mr. GLUCK" has shown a sumptuous taste in the preparation of his "noble gift." The manuscripts are bound in levant mo-
"rocco, magnificent in color-combinations." It will readily be understood that some binding for the manuscripts was necessary when it is known that the collection contains the entire MS. of EMERSON'S *Representative Men*, which occupies 709 quarto pages. A companion work is the MS. of *A Foregone Conclusion*, one of the masterpieces of WILLIAM D. HOWELLS, who unites in (it is believed) a single human person the greatest author who has ex-

pressed himself in the English or American languages, the paragon of editors, and the literary critic from whose judgment there is no appeal. Other less-known, but still well-known, writers have contributed the *ipsissima scripta* of their stylographic or other pens, including the "Hon. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE," who sends "his famous essay on 'Russia and England,' accompanied by a kindly letter [a gorged post-card would have been more characteristic] addressed to Mr. GLUCK." The interest attaching to these bulky rolls is a subject for speculation. An autograph letter is often curious and interesting enough. But the MS. of a printed essay, much more a book, is necessarily in a dilemma. Either it is the one which the printers used, or it is not. If it is, it is a sorry object for exhibition. Nothing looks more dead (or dirtier) than copy returned from the printers, and all men into whose hands it falls, who are neither excessively vain nor extravagantly untidy, throw it into the waste-paper basket at the earliest possible moment. If the MS. is not the one which the printers used, but another, it is a miserable sham, and the most remarkable thing about it is the difficulty of understanding how it ever came into existence. Did a prophetic instinct lead Mr. WILLIAM D. HOWELLS, like a wise thrush, to write the same book twice over, lest you should think he never could recapture, &c.? Was one copy used to show what novels ought to be, and the other reserved to crown the splendours of the Buffalo Library? And now it is there, what value has it which a mere "Chops and tomato sauce" would not have? Will the Buffalo Boys of the future invite their female companions to substitute for nocturnal revels a joint perusal "by the light of the moon" of *A Foregone Conclusion* in manuscript? It would be interesting to know how the Buffalo Girls will answer the alluring invitation.

The letters are easier to understand. Some of them indeed are trivial, such as those from DE QUINCEY to his publishers, which are said to consist mainly of "a constant" appeal for time in which to finish his "copy," more time "for correction of proof, details of monetary troubles," and other matters which will be excessively gratifying to the admirers of his graceful essays. But there is another class of letters, some of them from "FANNY" "FERN . . . GRACE GREENWOOD," and other famous American women, many of which are "marked 'private,'" and "of a decidedly personal character," and this will at least have the charm of novelty for the inhabitants of an American city. They are not to be published yet—perhaps never—and may be looked at only in the presence of the librarian. Moreover, Mr. GLUCK has considerably ordained that the librarian is not to be obliged to come if he does not like. To complete this slight sketch of Mr. GLUCK'S great benefaction, it should be mentioned that it includes "an interesting collection of 75 official seals of 'Episcopal Bishops during two centuries.'" What is an Unepiscopal Bishop? When is a Bishop not a Bishop?

THE RADICAL UNIONISTS AT HAWICK.

THE speeches of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN and of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Hawick attracted general attention, although they were delivered on the eve of an anxious and uncertain Session. The declarations of the two chief leaders of the Radical Unionists would have been awaited with reasonable curiosity, even if they had not been the sole representatives of their party at the Conference which is engaged at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S instance in the task of discovering means of reconciliation with Mr. GLADSTONE. Of the progress of confidential negotiations no account could properly be given, except the important statement that they were still in progress, with reasonable hopes of success. When two sections of a divided party are equally eager to reunite, only the most serious obstacles can prevent the operation of the law of political gravity. The intentions both of Mr. GLADSTONE and of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will be better understood in the course of the debates which have already begun. In the meantime it is not surprising that one of the parties to the proposed treaty should minimize the difficulties which interfere with an amicable settlement. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has perhaps by this time discovered that his original overtures involved almost unconditional surrender. If the Unionists and Separatists had, as he seemed to suggest, agreed to co-operate in their action on all matters except Home Rule, they might possibly, with the aid of Mr. PARNELL and his followers, on some occasions

obtain a triumph over the Government. The consequent resignation of Lord SALISBURY would be followed by the return of Mr. GLADSTONE to office, with an implied undertaking on the part of both the Radical sections to accept the policy of Home Rule. It is, nevertheless, almost certain that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN hopes to secure some concession on the part of the Separatist leader.

Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, perhaps because he had a personal interest in the local proceedings, was less diplomatic than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. In acknowledging the presentation of his portrait by a portion of his former constituents, he naturally recurred to the history of his connexion with the Border Burghs. For seventeen years the electors and their member floated with unbroken unanimity down the stream of democratic change. The harder task of a courageous and successful administration of Irish affairs was probably regarded with indifference or with vague approval. When he found it his duty to abide by the opinions of a lifetime instead of humouring the caprice of a party leader, the Border Burghs found it impossible to tolerate conscientious independence. It mattered nothing that Sir G. TREVELYAN abided by the convictions which they had all supposed themselves to share with himself. Mr. GLADSTONE took the opportunity to deliver an additional blow against his loyal colleague; and some obscure competitor was elected in the place of a member who had suddenly ceased to be the favourite of the mob. One section of the Hawick rabble interrupted his recent speech with hisses, and the Chairman of the meeting, who was also Provost of the town, had to be guarded home by policemen. Sir G. TREVELYAN's only hint of his participation in the Conference at Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's house consisted in his renewed undertaking that he would never consent to the surrender of control over the administration of justice in Ireland. His own life had probably been saved during his tenure of office by the police under the orders of the Crown; and he is not disposed to place person and property at the mercy of the promoters of plunder and murder.

While he bears the loss of his seat in Parliament with manly cheerfulness, Sir G. TREVELYAN could not but recount his claims to the confidence of his ungrateful constituents. He reminded them of his early and triumphant denunciations of purchase in the army, and of the large share which he took in the extension of household suffrage to counties. Although he exaggerated at the time the evils of the purchase system which is now abolished, the balance of opinion after some years' experience is in favour of the present practice. Mr. GLADSTONE probably looks back on his own share in the change with exceptional complacency, because it was effected by an unconstitutional interference with the supremacy of Parliament. The last extension of the franchise was an incomparably more important measure, and one of its consequences has been the temporary exclusion of its most zealous advocate from Parliament. Sir G. TREVELYAN was probably justified in his estimate of twenty county members in the whole of Great Britain who would have been returned to Parliament at the last election under the Constitution of 1867. The Radicals would scarcely have commanded a larger share in the representation both of counties and boroughs but for the Act of 1867. As long as the suffrage is limited, a constituency which, though numerous, is still select, thinks to a certain extent for itself, and declines the absolute guidance of demagogues. In the course of the changes which have followed the first Reform Bill, the newly-admitted electors have hitherto gradually become Conservative as they acquired practical knowledge of public affairs. The agitators have consequently found it necessary to pack the House of Commons anew whenever they wished to introduce large legislative innovations.

There are already symptoms of a repetition of the former results of political education. At the last election even the constituency of 1885 rebelled against the dictation of Mr. GLADSTONE. But for the success of Sir G. TREVELYAN's long-continued efforts, no demagogue would have had a chance of converting a large section of the House of Commons and of the electors to the proposed disruption of the United Kingdom. Mr. GLADSTONE had hoped for better things when he exhorted the household voters to give him a majority which would enable him to defeat a coalition which he affected to apprehend between the Conservatives and the Irish Nationalists. When he was disappointed, he at once surrendered to Mr. PARNELL, and those of his colleagues who had not, like Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN, "found salvation," were suddenly excluded from Radical communion. If only the twenty county members of whom Sir

G. TREVELYAN speaks had been returned to support Mr. GLADSTONE, he would probably not have thought it worth while to buy the Parnellite votes at the expense of national unity. There is no doubt that Sir G. TREVELYAN will keep his promise of remaining through life and in all circumstances a consistent Radical; but a pledge not to think without prejudice or to learn from experience is scarcely to be commended. He may probably approve of Mr. GLADSTONE's registration schemes, of which the sole object is once more to swamp the constituency by the admission of a more incompetent body of electors. When popular suffrage becomes a fixed idea it is useless to discuss its utility or justice. Two or three years ago Sir G. TREVELYAN declared that he would resign office if the English franchise were not extended to Ireland. Since that time he has seen the miserable degradation of an electoral system in which Ireland is represented by the nominees of Mr. PARNELL, by Mr. O'BRIEN, Mr. HARRINGTON, Dr. TANNER, and Mr. GLADSTONE's distinguished friend, Mr. SEXTON. It has apparently not occurred to Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN that the dominion of the worst classes of the community is more anomalous and more mischievous than any limitation of the right of voting.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is less easy to understand, though he is evidently anxious to find some ground for reconciliation with Mr. GLADSTONE. For this object he is willing to establish a form of Irish local government, which would amount to the attainment of Home Rule by two stages instead of by one. He still refuses to consent to an Irish Parliament or to the institution of an Executive dependent on its votes; but he agrees to separate Legislatures under some delusive name for Ireland, and by a gratuitous expansion of a ruinous error, for Ireland and for Wales. His scheme manipulated by Mr. GLADSTONE, and defined in his peculiar dialect, might probably be not unacceptable. The security against such an arrangement which is supposed to depend on the opposition of Mr. PARNELL is, in a high degree, precarious. Last year the Nationalist leader consented to every sham restriction by which his ally professed to guard against the direct concession of Irish independence. The finances, the judicial system in part, and the control of foreign relations were, with Mr. PARNELL's consent, excluded from the province of the Irish Parliament. If larger exceptions had been thought necessary to delude the House of Commons, Mr. PARNELL would still have been found in a yielding mood. No extraordinary acuteness was needed to suggest the expediency of taking what he could get. If the substitution of a Local Council for the same body under the name of a Parliament would satisfy Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. PARNELL might perhaps assent to a compromise. He well knows that any elected body charged with the management of Irish affairs would use all its powers for the purpose of extending their scope till they amounted to complete independence.

There is an odd exception to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's surprising pliability. He declares that half the value of any agreement would be lost if it were not satisfactory to Lord HARTINGTON. The statement, if it stood alone, might be thought a pledge of moderation; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has collected from Lord HARTINGTON's speeches a list of ambiguous phrases which might be interpreted as anticipations of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposals. The answer is that Lord HARTINGTON, whatever language he may have used in connexion with particular contexts, is now a cordial supporter of an anti-Separatist Government, and that he has had a principal share in persuading Mr. GOSCHEN to take office. It is extremely unlikely that he will assent to any compromise with Mr. PARNELL; and without the support of the Irish Nationalists the reunion of all the Liberal sections would still leave the Government in a majority. One of the purposes of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech was perhaps to baffle the ingenuity of unauthorized interpreters. If he reserved communication of his secrets for the House of Commons, he acted with the strictest constitutional propriety.

VERDI.

IN his way the musician of *Il Trovatore* and *Rigoletto* is as complete and representative an artist as the musician of *Parsifal* and *Tristan* was in his. It is not for nothing that all the world over his name is, as it were, a household word, and that "Ah che la Morte" and "La Donna è Mobile," and a score of passionate and moving melodies beside have, since their first utterance, been popular wherever

men have ears to hear. They and their fellows are melodic inspirations of the type that is within the reach of genius alone. They have been sung and whistled in fifty different languages; they have been murdered on all the barrel-organs of civilization; there is scarce an operatic theatre in existence but its walls have echoed to them not once but many times. But their freshness is perennial; they have lost in nothing since the *premieres* when they were heard for the first time; hackneyed as they are, they have survived a musical revolution, and are brilliant and romantic as in the days when the "Work of Art of the Future" had not got itself disengaged from the limbo of the present. VERDI, indeed, is an artist of genius, and his good work has, and to a very remarkable extent, the rare and affecting qualities of humanity and life. He is *ultimus Romanorum*, the last of the great Italian melodists. He is like none of them, but in his own country he has been received, and rightly, as their legitimate successor, while his achievement has been, and is still, applauded as the logical development of an art in which, the basis of a certain convention once accepted, the musicians of the Peninsula have been unrivalled, from the days of MONTEVERDE and ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI, down to those of *Aida* and *La Traviata*.

It was at Milan, in 1839, that VERDI gave his first opera, *Oberto, Conte di San Bonifazio*; it is at the same theatre of La Scala that he is just now rehearsing his *Otello*, the song of his old age, and the crown of over half a century of effort and achievement. It remains to be seen if the work will justify his own and his librettist's (who is Signor Bolro, the poet and the musician of *Mefistofele*) expectations, and if the musical revolution operated, with more or less completeness, by RICHARD WAGNER, have left his manner untouched and his ideal untroubled and unchanged. As always, he is jealous of the effect of his *premieres*; and has sworn to secrecy everybody engaged in the production of the new opera. It has leaked out, however, that his ambition has been to make his work distinctively and representatively Italian. It was said that in *Aida* he showed himself not unmindful of the practice of BERLIOZ and GOUNOD; and it is stated that in *Otello* he has reverted to the uses of his predecessors, put away the Wagnerian orchestra, and written as though the Music of the Future were so much of the future as to be not music at all. That this is probable enough is evident from the tenor of his whole achievement, *Aida* itself not excepted. He has always been a representative Italian, as M. ARTHUR POUJIN, in his pleasant and useful *Anecdotic History of his Life and Works* (London: GREVEL), is careful to show; and there is, after all, no reason why the last illustrious survivor of a school which numbers amongst its chiefs such men as SCARLATTI, DURANTE, LEO, PERGOLESI, CIMAROSA, JOMELLI, the GLUCK of *Paride e Elena*, and the ROSSINI of *Mosè* and *Il Barbiere*, should go begging for ideas to Bayreuth or Paris either. A letter quoted by M. POUJIN leaves no doubt on the subject. "The music of the future," says VERDI, writing to FRANCESCO FLORIMO to decline the headship of the Conservatoire at Naples, "raises no fear in me." He is satisfied with the music of the past, and he goes on to note that, if he had any pupils, his advice to them would be to practise themselves in fugal writing, "constantly, obstinately, even to satiety"; to accustom themselves "to compose with certainty, to lay out the parts well, and to modulate without affectation"; to study PALESTRINA and certain of his contemporaries, and then to pass to MARCELLO and "give your attention specially to 'recitative'; to consider modern opera without yielding to the seductions of its many 'beauties of harmony and orchestration,' and, above all, without being led astray by that chord of the diminished seventh which is at once 'the rock and the refuge of those who are unable to write four 'bars' without giving way to it half a dozen times; and, finally, to 'return to the antique, and it will be an advantage.'" These were VERDI's principles in 1871, when *Aida* was already written; and it is hardly to be supposed that they will not be exemplified to the full in *Otello*, a work which has engaged the master during many years.

VERDI, as we have said, is the last of the great race; and he succeeded to their honours when he took up the burden of their task. He was but six-and-twenty when he produced his *Oberto*, and less than three years after—his wife and two children having died meanwhile in the space of some eight or ten weeks—he won his first great victory with *Nabuco*, and stepped into the front rank of Italian musicians. In Italy music is a passion, and the opera a necessary of life. The style, the movement, the inspiration of *Nabuco* were irresistible even at rehearsal. The chorus

and the orchestra were beside themselves with enthusiasm; the principals—MIRAGLIA, the tenor, the admirable RONCONI, the French bass DÉRIVIS, and GIUSEPPINA STREPPONI, who was presently to become the composer's wife—were electrified, and worked like horses; the scene-shifters and stage-carpenters, the sweepers and painters and lampmen, could none of them be got to work—they would do nothing but listen to the rehearsals, and discuss the numbers of the opera one after another as they heard them; while from first to last the *premiere* was one long triumph. For *Nabuco* VERDI got not much more than 60*l.* or 70*l.*; but it made him the equal of DONIZETTI, and his next work, *I Lombardi*—a failure everywhere save in Italy—at La Scala first, and then all over the Peninsula, went to the very stars, as did *Ernani*—at La Fenice, Venice—a year or so afterwards. The reason was twofold. In the first place, these operas were real Italian music; and in the next, they possessed a political as well as an artistic significance, which of itself would have sufficed to make their author the most popular Italian of his age. It was the time (1843-44) of the Austrian domination at its worst; in *Ernani* and *I Lombardi* there were phrases, situations, ideas which painted to the life the aspirations and the sufferings of a strangled but still living fatherland; the music—passionate, strange, abrupt, hardy to the verge of roughness, vigorous for all its gloom with life and the desire of life—was accepted as the voice of Italy. It is not positively known if VERDI had, or had not, any such intentions as his admirers ascribed to him. The chances are, we think, that he had; for he is cast in something of an antique mould—is rugged, austere, intractable, disdainful of popularity in an epoch of journalism, and determined less to court the public and the powers that be than to break them in, and fashion them to his will. Certain it is that, whatever his aspirations, his music became at once the expression of a national tendency, and years afterwards, during the War of Independence, when a good Italian could relieve his feelings in no other way, he chalked on the nearest wall the inscription "Viva V. E. R. D. I." and went home rejoicing in the fact that for once he had got the better of the Austrian, had shouted (*more suo*) "Viva VITTORIO." "EMMANUELE Rè d'Italia," and had done his duty as a patriot and as a man. The sentiment, M. POUJIN tells us, was so general that when the first Italian Parliament was elected CAVOUR insisted that VERDI, the musician of United Italy, should join it. To such a point his "musique de Carbonaro," whether voluntary or the reverse, had brought him! Of course he was obliged to accept the greatness thus thrust upon him, and of course he made the worst deputy conceivable. But, all this to the contrary, VICTOR EMMANUEL felt constrained years after to make him a senator (he has taken the oaths and his seat, and that is all he has done), and it is beyond question that he has borne a principal part in the liberation of Italy.

He has written twenty-six operas; but outside the Peninsula not half a dozen of these—*Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, *Aida*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*—have achieved success, while in the Peninsula itself a certain number—*I Due Foscari*, for instance, and *Aroldo and Attila* and *La Battaglia di Legnano*—have merely failed or have triumphed in a single number or the presence of a particular artist. But, for all that, his popularity, as we have said, is universal, and the production of his new opera is looked upon as an event of European importance. It may be true or not that he is the last surviving representative of a past that is dead for ever, and that his work is destined, once he has departed the scene, to instant and complete oblivion. It may (on the other hand) be true, or not, that he is the ensign of an immortal tradition, and that, as his admirers assert, he has kept the faith in an age of doubt and disbelief, and asserted—and with success—the unalterable majesty of art against a host of pedants and theorists. It is, at any rate, certain that he is a musician of genius; that he had something to say which found an echo in the hearts of his contemporaries; that at its best his inspiration is never pedantic, never forced, never affected, but always direct and human and natural; that, in a word, as the exemplar of a certain form of lyrical drama, he has had no equal in his generation. Perhaps, like GLUCK, he is destined to be remembered as the musician of a few isolated melodies. It is possible that, to some amateurs of to-day strong in the *Traité d'Instrumentation* of BERLIOZ and the theoretic and philosophical works of WAGNER, his whole achievement may seem infantile in ideal and unworkmanlike in method and effect. But it is a fact that the

human race is not precisely composed of amateurs; and it is also a fact that it is not to a jury of such that VERDI, who has given pleasure to so many thousands of natural human beings that he may fairly be reckoned a benefactor of his kind, will finally appeal.

THE DEATH OF A LEGAL FICTION.

THE preposterous theory that a passenger on a ship or in an omnibus is, for certain purposes, responsible for the consequences of negligence on the part of the crew or the driver has died hard, but it is dead at last. It has been slain, like much other bad law and worse justice, by the MASTER of the ROLLS in the Court of Appeal. The principle, if so it can be called, which was laid down in *THOROGOOD v. BRYAN*, and has now been formally overruled, was thirty-eight years old at the time of its demise, having first seen the light, or such apology for it as existed in the purlieus of Westminster Hall, in 1849. The plaintiff in that remarkable action, on which the genius of DICKENS might have been profitably expended, sued under Lord CAMPBELL's Act as the representative of a man who was run over and killed by an omnibus in the following circumstances. He got out of the omnibus in which he was sitting without waiting for it to draw up at the kerb, another omnibus came up at a great pace, he had no time to get out of the way, and so met with his death. Sir EDWARD VAUGHAN WILLIAMS told the jury, and his ruling was upheld by the Court of Common Pleas, that if either the deceased himself or the driver of the omnibus from which he alighted had been guilty of negligence, then the plaintiff could not recover. The jury found for the defendant. The verdict was reasonable enough, because it may have been based upon the opinion that in getting out before the omnibus stopped the deceased was himself culpably careless. But the broad doctrine sanctioned by the Court of Common Pleas of that day is a ludicrous instance of the extent to which acute minds may be misled by the refined subtleties of judge-made law. "I acted," said Mr. Justice WILLIAMS, "upon the dictum of the Court of Exchequer in *BRIDGE v. the Grand Junction Railway Company*. If that be correct, "I was right." An eminent scholar who produced an edition of THUCYDIDES found it necessary to discuss in a note the question whether iron would float on the surface of water. He admitted that there was some scientific authority against the possibility of its doing so. "But," he added, by way of a clincher, "cf. LIVY, xxiii. 27" (or whatever the correct reference may have been). The pious student of antiquity apparently thought that, if LIVY said it, it must be true, and Mr. Justice WILLIAMS attributed equal virtue to a "dictum of the Court of Exchequer." The Court of Exchequer was, no doubt, at that time composed of very great and learned judges, who, as the saying went, cared for nobody but themselves, and were proportionately revered by others. Still, even they could not make it otherwise than a palpable absurdity that a passenger in an omnibus should be responsible for the conduct of the driver; and, as a matter of fact, the case was considered doubtful by Baron PARKE.

Mr. Justice COLTMAN, in deciding *THOROGOOD v. BRYAN*, delivered himself of a proposition quite as ludicrous, though not nearly so amusing, as anything in *Alice in Wonderland*. He stated that "the plaintiff, having trusted the party by 'selecting the particular conveyance, has so far identified 'himself with the owner and his servants that, if any 'injury results from their negligence, he must be considered 'a party to it." This view involves, as Lord ESHER pointed out, the consequence, among others, that every passenger in every omnibus is liable in damages for every piece of carelessness on the part of the driver which may do any harm to any one. It would be interesting to know what meaning the Court of Common Pleas forty years ago attached on philological grounds to the word, and on metaphysical grounds to the idea of identity. They can scarcely have thought that a passenger in an omnibus was the same as the driver, or the same as the vehicle, though they can only be acquitted of this singular delusion on the hypothesis that they were misled by a trope, and sanctioned a detestable piece of slang. It was announced not long ago by a respectable newspaper that some samples from a cargo of frozen meat had been tested by "a number of gentlemen identified with Australia," and the hideous neologism is no

longer to be rooted out. "It is a source of melancholy 'gratification,'" to quote Sir ROBERT PEELE's schoolboy rendering of the single word *suave* in the most famous passage of LUCRETIVS, that judges in 1849 were almost as incorrigible sinners against the proprieties of speech as journalists in 1887. The least nonsensical part of the reasoning on which the judgments in *THOROGOOD v. BRYAN* rest is perhaps the fantastic notion that a man "selects" his omnibus as he would select a coachman, and should therefore pay the penalty of making a bad choice. Judges must be assumed to be above the weakness of desiring to be thought ignorant of omnibuses and their peculiarities. But even Mr. SPONGE, when he paid his historic visit to Mr. BENJAMIN BUCKRAM, keen critic of men and horseflesh as he considered himself to be, took, like meaner mortals, the first 'bus that happened to be going his way. Lord ESHER's epitaph may fitly be inscribed on the shrine of *THOROGOOD v. BRYAN*. "We are of opinion 'that the proposition contained in it is essentially unjust 'and inconsistent with recognized propositions of law. As 'to the propriety of dealing with it at this time in a Court 'of Appeal, it is a case which from the time of its publication has been constantly criticized. No one can have gone 'into or abstained from going into an omnibus, railroad [*sic*], 'or ship on the faith of the decision. We therefore think 'that now that the question is for the first time before an 'English Court of Appeal, the case of *THOROGOOD v. BRYAN* 'must be overruled." This is longer and more respectful than the famous remark of Mr. BUMBLE about the law. But it comes to much the same thing in the long run.

THE CUTTING-UP OF ENGLAND.

LAST night, it was announced, the Welsh members were to be asked to dinner to meet Mr. GLADSTONE, and to urge upon him the woes of Wales and the existence of a Welsh party. The latter representation will probably have much more effect than the former. It is now certain that, if a sufficiently numerous body of members of Parliament ask Mr. GLADSTONE for anything as the price of their Parliamentary support, the only consideration which may interfere with his immediate acceptance is the fear of alienating a number still larger. Meanwhile Welsh particularism is making itself as vocal as it can. It held a meeting at Cardiff on Monday, where persons of the eminently and exclusively Welsh names of YEO, MAITLAND, RENDEL, and SCHNADHORST attended to denounce the tyranny of the SAXON. Sir BALTHASAR FOSTER (who appears to resemble the river Scamander, in that he was known by one name among plain men and doctors and by another in the heaven of baronetcy) moved resolutions condemning the inhuman conduct of the Irish landlord who offered to remit to his tenants five-and-a-half years' rent. Mr. MUXDELLA, another eminent Welshman (in the sense of some enthusiastic students of English history he most undoubtedly is "Welsh," though not Cymric), was the chief speaker; but he talked mere general politics. The more relevant and particular work of the day fell naturally to persons who, whether Welshmen or not, represent Welsh constituencies. Sir EDWARD REED asserted that "an alien Church had been 'foisted on Wales," which shows with how little knowledge of Welsh history it is possible to secure a Welsh seat. The disestablishment of the said Church was of course voted, and a rider was added that the tithes of Wales should be devoted to purposes of education. The Welsh people, if they could be considered as anything but misrepresented by the carpet-baggers who for the most part hold Welsh seats, would seem to be very fond of education, provided that they can get it paid for by somebody else. They have been as indefatigable in begging from the Imperial exchequer as they now promise to be in setting up a Particularist party, and they are ready with alacrity to hand over the tithes which private liberality gave ages ago for another and a specific purpose in order to relieve themselves of School Board rates. A Welsh Land Bill was of course also demanded. And since the meeting a person whose name no doubt speaks volumes, though the volumes may not be intelligible to the Saxon oppressor, one "ADFFYR," has been renewing elaborate complaints of the said oppressor in the columns of the *Daily News*. This time (the results of a recent census having made the Church matter an awkward one) it is the paucity of Nonconformist and Welsh-speaking magistrates which is complained of, and it

is, in passing, very interesting to observe that Englishman in this person's vocabulary appears to mean some one who does not speak Welsh. But "ADFYFR" would have been more interesting still if he had given some statistics as to the proportion of Nonconformists fitted to be magistrates.

Meanwhile something of the same sort, but less definite, is going on in Scotland. Dr. W. A. HUNTER, M.P., has been delivering an address at Galashiels on Home Rule for Scotland. Dr. HUNTER disputes with Mr. CONYBEARE the position of the greatest and the most self-confident bore let loose by recent elections on a hapless House of Commons. We learn from Mr. GLADSTONE'S Scotch organ that this question "has been forced upon Dr. HUNTER in his capacity "of Imperial legislator." Memories of the last Session suggest that a very large number of subjects seem to have forced themselves on Dr. HUNTER in this capacity, and the long-suffering House would probably be devoutly thankful if he had the strength of mind to resist some of them. It is fair to say that the journal over whose christening feast Mr. GLADSTONE said grace does not wholly approve of Home Rule. But one of its reasons for disapproving is so curious and so characteristic that it must be quoted. "In "England," says the *Scottish Leader*, "the nationalization "of the Church revenues would be a tangible relief, in "which Scotland would necessarily share." There is, no doubt, much canniness in thus postponing the dissolution of this other Union until the Church has been looted and Scotland has had time to cry "Halves!" in the loot. Even the Rev. Dr. JOSEPH PARKER might, we should suppose, demur a little to this view of his favourite process. Still, we do not wholly object to the argument, despite, or rather because of, its naïveté. The person, whoever he was, who put it forward evidently recognizes the fact that all the minor constituents of the British Kingdoms stand to England in the relation of the members to the belly; except that even the members can hardly bring against England the Menenian complaint of being "idle." If it were necessary or possible to argue this question of Home Rule as between two reasonable disputants, it would be almost sufficient to ask Ireland and Scotland and Wales on what principle they propose that it should be conducted? Is England, even more than in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish scheme, practically to defray their expenses, but to have no control over them; or are they, as strict justice demands, prepared to be not only their own masters, but also their own paymasters, taking on their shoulders as well a fair proportion of the National Debt in repayment of the advantages which Wales for many centuries, Scotland for nearly two, and Ireland for nearly one have drawn from the central country? Dr. HUNTER with national modesty, enhanced by personal bashfulness, compares the Union between England and Scotland to that between an elephant and a racehorse. Is the Caledonian thoroughbred prepared to take its share of the howdah? The National Debt has been, all but a very few millions, wholly incurred since the Union, and Scotchmen have certainly had their share of the benefits to obtain which it was incurred.

But, except that it is often, if not always, desirable to answer a certain kind of person according to his personality, it is unnecessary to enter into this kind of argument. The cutting-up of England can never take place, except to the detriment of England in both senses, as well as (though this is a minor matter) to the detriment of those parts of England in the wide sense which cut themselves or are cut off. The matter of real importance is to impress on English electors, who still are masters of the situation, what the profligacy of certain statesmen and the substitution of wirepulling organizations for personal responsibility in electioneering are bringing upon them. The adroit manipulation of falsehoods about Irish land has made it possible for Mr. GLADSTONE to endanger, if not yet to wreck, one Union, and a similar course appears to be about to be pursued in regard to another, though a less formal, one. It is almost needless to point out that the woes of Wales are infinitely more shadowy than the woes of Ireland (the woes of Scotland are so hard even to invent, that the Scotch Home Rulers have not got yet to the mere formulation of them). For the Welsh affair it is almost sufficient to observe that a writer in the *Daily News* talks about "a hostile sectarian ascendancy" which uses "the ecclesiastical revenues of Wales" to "draw the people away from the faith of their fathers." It may be hoped that this monstrous absurdity is due to simple ignorance. The words might have been used with a certain show of truth of Ireland; they are in reference to Wales simply a falsehood. Welsh Nonconformity is but a thing of yesterday; there was no kind of general objection

or resistance to the changes introduced into the Welsh Church at the Reformation, and it would be only one degree more ridiculous to talk of the Archbishop of Canterbury endeavouring to draw a Salvationist from the faith of his fathers than to talk of a Welsh bishop or rector doing the same thing to a Welsh Methodist. Yet in the temper of modern Radicalism even so outrageous an absurdity as this, and as the other complaint about Welsh magistrates, is capable of being used for the purpose of reducing to a helpless bundle of brittle sticks the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

SENATOR POGRAM.

THE debate in the United States Senate over the Bill which is meant to bring Canada and the Empire of which Canada is a part to their knees adds nothing to what is known about the great Fishery Question. That stands precisely where it did. The point is still whether citizens of the United States are or are not to be bound by treaties made by the Federal Government. Of course if the States are resolute for the negative, that becomes a question for negotiation or war—as Senator FRYE of Maine would put it. Things have not got to that point yet; and, without being too confident, we doubt whether they ever will. The people of the United States can fight, as nobody doubts; but they have never shown any love of fighting for its own sake, and they will probably think a good deal before they go to war to defend the New Englander's right of poaching. The debate in the Senate need not be taken as a sign that anything very serious is going to happen between the countries. Negotiations will be conducted by men who have more to consider than the Irish or fisherman vote in a particular constituency.

Still, the debate is interesting from an artistic point of view, as proving that our old friend POGRAM is still alive and flourishing. The defiance of the great man himself cannot, to judge by the fragment he delivered with his heels cocked up for the benefit of MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, have been much better of its kind than the orations of Senators INGALLS and FRYE. Both these gentlemen seem to have adapted the ideas and language of another great American to a popular audience with considerable success. The American senator seldom troubles to speak to that select body. His eloquence goes over it to those sections of the great people who are most likely to turn an election. On the present occasion they have adapted Mr. HOWELLS with good effect. This great American novelist is apt to reprove us frequently for our good in that style of his which, as he knows, is so much better than Mr. THACKERAY'S. Mr. INGALLS of Kansas was only adapting the catchword HOWELLS when he declared in his stirring way that England had always been "a ruffian, a coward, and a bully among "nations, inselent to the weak, tyrannical to the feeble, "and cringing and obsequious to the strong." These, as Dame QUICKLY remarked to another orator of this school, are very bitter words. The world has BARDOLPH'S authority for these facts, and we hope it likes the security. For our part we are content to quote Lord MACAULAY on another foe of this country. Of BARÈRE and Mr. Senator INGALLS of Kansas we are content to say, may such ever be her enemies, and so may her enemies ever be. Mr. Senator FRYE of Maine was worthy of his colleague from Kansas. He, after due introduction, "proceeded in impassioned "tones to accuse Canada of committing outrages and in- "humanities which would disgrace the Fiji Islanders, and "declared that the purpose of the proposed legislation was "to notify Great Britain that, if she continued her present "course, it would be at her peril." What a rage Senator FRYE of Maine must have been in! Not a bit of it. This, as they remarked at New York, is what is called twisting the lion's tail—a stuffed lion brought into the Senate House, to enable that august body to be heroic safely, and with a due regard to its electoral interests. There is also a tolerably well-known practice called lashing yourself up with your own tail, of which this sort of thing is a very fair example. It is a process which has to be gone through occasionally in America when fishermen have to be pleased, and the most sweet voices of the Irish contingent have to be gained.

The penny-gaff swagger of Senators INGALLS and FRYE is undignified enough, and it was at one time supposed to have fallen out of fashion in America. It would seem to be coming up again, and may be a proof that

the country is getting back altogether to its ante-bellum condition, as it is called in the American language. To be a politician in a country which is very big and very much on a dead level seems to have a lamentable effect on manners.

THE NORTH PACIFIC.

THOUGH Germany is out of it, the North Pacific question will not die. On the contrary, it not only continues to live on, but threatens to grow quite big and vivacious again. At Port Hamilton and in the New Hebrides there are actual difficulties, and there is a possible difficulty about to make itself felt in the Sandwich Islands. All this must be exceedingly annoying to people who would like to hear no more of difficulties anywhere, and have undisturbed leisure for their favourite occupation of destroying something at home. It is also conceivable that it is displeasing to HER MAJESTY'S Ministers. Since Lord PALMERSTON'S days we have never had a Minister who actually enjoyed questions of a contentious character with foreign Powers. Quite the contrary. The good modern Minister loves this sort of thing so little that his main resource for dealing with it is to get the country out if he possibly can, and when he cannot, then to stay in as little as may be, and with many protests against the bad luck which imposes the necessity on him. In the North Pacific, which is a long way off, and where the dangers of yielding are not so immediately evident as they are elsewhere, retreat has been the rule hitherto, with an occasional sporadic advance to break the monotony. Not unfrequently an advance has been followed briefly by withdrawal. At the present moment there are not wanting signs that we are in one of our periods of renunciation. The Cabinet is certainly doing nothing of an effectual nature to enforce respect for its own rights in the New Hebrides, and he would be a bold man who should assert that Port Hamilton is to be kept in our hands after all. The stories that this station is to be given up are untrustworthy in so far as they rest mainly on French reports. The French, who do us the honour to credit us with a most unscrupulous and audacious ambition, are also not very consistently convinced that we are a very cowardly people. It is accordingly easy for them to understand how Port Hamilton was first occupied as part of an iniquitous but magnificent scheme for the conquest of the whole world, and then given up in a panic terror of the Chinese. Three months after the evacuation, if there is to be an evacuation, they will doubtless discover that this also was part of a wily intrigue intended to damage them in some mysterious way. No particular importance need be attached to the stories of our doings which come through Paris.

There is, however, other and better evidence of an intention to hand over Port Hamilton to the Chinese. It has been obvious for some time past that even in the Far East there is a party which does not take kindly to a permanent occupation. Among English traders there seem to be some who doubt whether any advantage to be obtained by holding it would compensate us for the creation of another cause of quarrel with the Court of Peking. They argue that it would be enough to hand the post over to China on the receipt of a promise that it should be effectually defended against any other European Power. It is argued that in this way all the advantages of possession would be gained without the expense and inconvenience entailed by actually holding the island. Considering the very respectable obstinacy and suppleness shown by China of late years in defence of what it believes to be its rights, people who argue in this way cannot be said to be speaking altogether without book. No doubt if China is prepared to maintain a garrison in the place, to provide fortifications, and, above all, to allow its men to be instructed and its works to be raised by English officers, then we shall have some guarantee for the defence of Port Hamilton against any adventurous invader coming from—Corea, for example, or those parts generally. English officers, if provided with proper authority, would take due precautions against any repetition of the Foochow *guetapens*. The political opponents of the occupation have clearly been reinforced by the naval officers on the station, who have certainly shown anything but enthusiasm for this addition to our Empire. With all due regard for them, it is permissible to discount the unfavourable opinion of the wardrooms of the ships on the China station. Naval officers, like all seamen, prefer to find some kind of comfort in a port. It can be

agreeable to no seafaring man to come to anchor off nothing better than a barren rock, and there will probably be no denial in the service that one H.M.S. Island of Ascension is quite enough. Port Hamilton might be useful to the country, but everybody stationed there would be villainously bored. Now this prospect has very possibly had its share in inducing the admiral, captains, and lieutenants of the China station to hold it cheap. Between the two the Ministry may have been persuaded to get rid of the post. It will therefore be not at all surprising to hear before long that it has been actually handed over to China under more or less plausible-looking guarantees. The position of affairs in the New Hebrides is simpler. A French garrison has occupied them, and shows no intention whatever of retiring. There has been no formal taking of possession, but practically the thing has been done. The view taken by the French Government would appear to be fairly well expressed by Mgr. FREPPEL in a speech full of a kind of morality not unworthy of Archbishop WALSH. This ecclesiastic (the French one) is of opinion that "the declaration made in 1878 by M. DE HARCOURT, French Ambassador in London, concerning the disinterestedness of France in the New Hebrides could only have expressed the intentions of the Government when in power, and that it could not be regarded as in any way engaging the future action of the French Government." Holding these views, he was naturally disappointed when the Budget Committee did not include the New Hebrides among the possessions of France. The moral Bishop is too hasty. If he will only wait a year or two, his Government will, with the help of ours, have established a prescriptive right, and no more need be said. The fears entertained by Mr. MANLEY HOPKINS touching the probable acquisition of Pearl River Harbour in Hawaii by the United States may possibly be unfounded. The American Republic has as yet shown a disinclination to obtain foreign stations, even when the temptation was stronger than it can be in this case. It would repeatedly have been easy for the United States to acquire a footing in the West Indies, where a fortified post would be of far greater use than in the North Pacific, but the opportunities have never been used. There may be no real intention of acquiring Pearl River Harbour, even if it could be easily done, and without causing international difficulties of any kind. Still, the mere fact that the suggestion has been made in the United States Senate shows once more that many Powers are prowling about in the North Pacific in search of what they can pick up.

Of course, if peace is to last for ever, and if other nations are never to damage our trade by open violence or hostile tariffs, it is not a matter of vital importance what they take. This country has its foot very well down in the North Pacific, and if everything it does not hold were to pass into other hands to-morrow it would still be possessed of the best half of that part of the world. Unfortunately it is not yet absolutely certain that peace and good are going to prevail for ever among men. It is, on the other hand, very certain that many stations in the North Pacific would, if they fell into certain hands, be a standing menace to our trade. If Port Hamilton were to be filched from China, our commerce in that region would be entirely open to attack. The permanent occupation of the New Hebrides would not only bring a European Power with an indifferent character for trustworthiness and quiet within striking distance of Australia, but it would, as we have been repeatedly told, be intensely distasteful to the Australians. Our American cousins are no doubt very good, not to say patronising, friends, still, Pearl River Harbour would be a very convenient weapon in their hands if ever they were constrained, with pain and grief of course, to take up a hostile position towards us. For these reasons it behoves the English Government to guard as far as it can against the occupation of any of these places by foreign Powers. At present there are too many signs that it is very far from doing its duty. The surrender of Port Hamilton to China would be a proof of the direct contrary. Without undervaluing the great merits of China as set forth by the Marquis TSENG, we may doubt, with the memory of Foochow still fresh, how far it could be trusted to hold Port Hamilton quite safe against a sudden *coup de main*. A Chinese garrison under English officers would be a guarantee, no doubt; but an English garrison would be a much better one. The permanent occupation of the New Hebrides would be an act of aggression. Whether the French Government has changed its mind or not, the Australians are of the same opinion as

ney were in 1878, and so are we. It is the duty of the English Government to keep its word, and that includes not only a promise not to take the islands, but also a determination to keep the French out. The consequences of a resolute policy have nothing in them to terrify people of ordinary nerves. China might sulk a little, the newspapers in Paris might bluster, and M. KATKOFF might storm; but none of these things need frighten anybody with the courage needed for a walk across a churchyard after dark. Besides, there is the resource of whistling.

THE WITCH'S LADDER.

SOME time last summer Dr. COLLES happened to examine a loft in an old house in Wellington, Somerset. What he found there, or rather what had been found there before, he has described in the new number of the *Folklore Journal*. First there was a stiff old-fashioned armchair of unluxurious proportions, made of ash and oak. In front of this, disposed on the floor, lay no less than six brooms, the sticks being, like Captain COSTIGAN's hair-brush, "very ancient and dilapidated pieces." Last there was a piece of rope, about five or six feet long, and stuck full of goose-feathers, arranged at irregular intervals. Even now, to any one who inspects the rope, it is obviously a new rope, one that has never been used for any secular purpose. Dr. COLLES cross-examined the original finders of these mystic articles, but could get no definite information. The rope they all recognized as "A Witch's Ladder," but how the witch used her ladder there was no evidence to show. The local witches, rather elderly ladies, admitted that they knew, but declined to tell. Mr. E. B. TYLOR's wide acquaintance with the correct things to do in sorcery was baffled here; M. HENRI GAIDOZ was puzzled; the opinion of the Psychical Society was not asked. One of the working-men at Wellington hazarded the hypothesis that the fetish gear was stored in the house by way of propitiating any passing witch; and this seemed as likely a theory as any.

Mr. W. H. ASHBY, who writes to the *Daily News* from Portishead, in the kingdom of the Somersets, appears to have solved the problem. He has had some difficulty in getting at the secret; and, as he writes from an hotel, it is not quite impossible that he may have loosened the tongue of a medicine-man or wise woman with the fire-water of the Pale Faces. But Mr. ASHBY's ladder is not exactly the ladder now in Mr. TYLOR's keeping. Mr. TYLOR's is a serviceable article of rope; Mr. ASHBY's receipt for ladder-making runs thus:—"Take four straws, tie two together, 'top and bottom for one side of the ladder. Tie the other 'two in the same manner, and then insert short straws 'between for steps. Now take small feathers, and place 'them up each side of the ladder; and you have a real 'Somerset Witch's Ladder."

It is used in this way. Anything that goes cross-grained, if the ladder is waved to and fro a few times, and the request muttered at the same time as the swinging, the thing that was wrong will be righted. For instance, the fire will not burn, or the flats will not heat for ironing, or the lover will not come—SIMETHA in Somerset—"or the 'husband stays out too late; swing the ladder, saying 'Burn, 'fire, 'Irons, heat, &c., and all will be well."

This is very curious and interesting, but we still fail to get at the idea behind the magic. Most magic is a mere belief in *correspondances*, in like affecting like, in the symbol or ceremony causing the actual fact. The smoke of sacrifice brings rain-clouds, the fume above the well on the Lycean hill made the mists gather and fall in showers. But where does the idea come in as regards the Witch's Ladder? Clearly the use of the thing, accompanied by a petition, is a survival of savage prayers, which are commonly accompanied by magic. The same kind of charm is illustrated in the Scotch story of RASHIN COATIE, the Lowland CINDERELLA, when the heroine, leaving the kitchen to go to church, says:—

Ilka peat garither burn,
Ilka spit garither turn,
Ilka pot garither play,

Till I come frae the Kirk this good Yule day!

Spits, peats, and pots do as they are bid, just as inanimate objects obey the Zulu girl's incantations, or the Maori *Karakia*. The fire, in Somerset, answers readily to "Burn, 'fire!" as in a fairy tale of GRIMM's, but how does the waving of the Witch's Ladder help it? The puzzle is as deep

as ever here, whereas in Mr. ASHBY's other horrid example of Somerset magic the sense is quite plain. It is an argument from analogy—a "practical syllogism." A girl with a recreant sweetheart tears out a living pigeon's heart at midnight, roasts it, and sticks it full of pins, thereby, like SIMETHA in THEOCRITUS, wounding the heart of her lover. Mr. ASHBY hopes to make some more discoveries, and we wish him all success. He has added a novelty to the hackneyed pages of English folklore.

JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH.

THE week that ends to-day is, to many Englishmen, a week of regret and humiliation. Through the rare winter sunshine of Wednesday the recollection kept thrusting itself that two years ago, early in the morning, GORDON was slain in Khartoum. With this memory came a multitude of others, of all that made us sick with shame in that miserable time, when the streets echoed all day to the howls of newsvendors, and the shouts that sounded like that old burden of "Woe unto Jerusalem!" Two years have passed, and no signal sorrow has fallen on the country which delayed to succour the noblest of her children. Our forces in the Soudan fared better, after all, than CAMBYSES's men, and, through our own luck and Arab mismanagement, the menace of disaster which kept brave veterans awake all night in England did not fall on us for that time. We merely lost many men, much money, and many of the remnants of our reputation. We merely presented to the world such a spectacle of shuffling irresolution as was never witnessed since the Roman Empire

attempted to meet the Barbarians

By slowly improving the breed of grammarians.

However, the end of these things is not yet, and destiny will probably not neglect to bring home the lesson of the loss of GORDON.

It is too late to revive the old recriminations, and tell over again the miserable story of long delays and futile waiting upon remote, if not impossible, chances. Little luck these things brought either to the man who was chiefly responsible for them, or to the Ministry of which he was a member, or to the nation that looked on, and did not employ the only argument that such persons can understand—the argument of noise and agitation. Nay, the very lesson of the folly of delay may have been learned too late. Mr. STANLEY's expedition for the relief of EMIN BEY deserves all good fortune, nor shall we say about it any ill-omened words of apprehension. Yet there seems no good reason why it should not have started months ago. Part of its work will have been done if it turns in Central Africa the tide of slave-hunting energy, which is perhaps worse than even any civilized shape of Industrialism.

We can do no more for GORDON, but it is possible to do much for the thing that GORDON had at heart. In hard times it is the common complaint that every charitable enterprise suffers; the cause of the Gordon Home for Boys should not be allowed to fail even in hard times. Nobody who saw the boys last summer—neat, clean, orderly, and intelligent looking—but must feel that the Gordon Home is one of the organizations which, actually and demonstrably, make matters a trifle better in this world. Without it these boys might, in many cases, have been loafing, idling, gambling for pence, and possibly stealing. It is the business of the Home to convert this neglected material into good citizens, perhaps into good soldiers. GORDON's natural geniality, his humour, his goodness, his love of fun, his lack of aversion to a fight made him the natural patron of British boyhood. His most strenuous endeavour was, as far as in him lay, to prevent these naturally excellent lads from running to seed and developing into members of the squalid multitude that hangs about Fleet Street on the afternoon of a great race. In the larger objects of his noble ambition—in the rescue, for example, of Africa from the slave-trade—private persons can do little or nothing to help GORDON's designs. But we can all, in our degree, aid the enterprise for the rescue and education of boys; we can all imitate, at however remote a distance, that unflinching charity and unblemished honour which made GORDON an example of conduct, "on evil days though fallen and evil tongues."

STILL IN FORT FUNK.

THAT a profound respect for clamour is the first duty of a public man would seem to be still the conviction of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers. Survey mankind from Port Hamilton to Canada, and you will not see one single sign that our rulers have the faintest notion that, when you are opposed by noisy nonsense, the best resource is to prove it nonsense, and refuse to yield to it. On the contrary, when any particular platitude is supported by a sufficient chorus of persons prepared to shout, it may safely rely on being treated with remarkable respect, and even on seeing measures taken to acknowledge practically that it is wisdom. The faddist is still the ruler of the world. When his own people are not in, the other side still do his work, for he has votes and can clamour. Nobody who overlooks this great truth can hope to understand the system on which government is at present conducted. If one were to set to work to collect all the attainable proofs in support of the proposition he would be more long-winded, though also more profitable to read, than the *Quarterly* on the teaching of English literature. Two may suffice for the present. Firstly, there is the reduction of the Artillery. Remembering that there are persons with votes who are rejoiced to hear of any weakening of the British army, we can understand this measure, but that is the only explanation which makes it intelligible. On any other grounds it is beyond understanding, whether one considers the opportuneness of the thing as to time or the justification for it as a matter of business. Is the world in such a state that the British army should be reduced at all? Is the Artillery, the branch which, by general confession, is the most difficult to train and the hardest to increase in a hurry, the one which should be selected to be made weaker? To these questions there is no answer, or only one. Certain people will be pleased by seeing any measures taken to diminish the army, and, therefore, something in that line must be done. So the Artillery is reduced, and one more proof is given that the Conservative party (new style) holds stoutly to one article of belief only, and it is that the salvation of this country depends on keeping certain persons calling themselves Conservatives in office, even though they stay there by doing the Radical's work. Anything is better than that Mr. A., or Sir B. B., or Lord TOMNODDY should have an excuse for going to a Northern constituency and making capital out of the Cabinet's support of bloated armaments.

Another and a scarcely inferior example of this total inability to face the risk of a good fight is to be found in the astonishing respect shown to the Socialists. The spokesmen of this party have been labouring of late to show how their staff of agitators is really kept up. Here, for instance, is Mr. HYNDMAN—who may be taken to be one of those happy persons who have a kind of vested right to send letters to the *Times*, whenever they please—writing to explain that his friends will not have the sufferings of the thousand unemployed in Marylebone inquired into by “experts” from the Mansion House. This sort of thing is inquisitorial, and hurts the feelings of the unemployed. It is detestable to have to explain how you have no work, and whether you ever had any. They will go, those thousand men, to the Vestry, but not to experts who ask questions. Is it not almost, or quite, time that Mr. HYNDMAN found some difficulty in using the *Times* as a platform? Then, again, there is Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS, who writes to the *Daily News* to denounce the monstrous sentence passed on one MOWBRAY, at Norwich. Poor MOWBRAY had been several times convicted and fined for causing obstructions as a Socialist street preacher, and so, when he came to be sentenced for inciting to a riot, he was more severely punished than a fellow-offender, who was up for the first time. This shocks Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS, who points out that he has been up, and has been fined, for that sort of thing himself. This is so; but what is the deduction? Obviously that nobody, not even a furniture-maker in a large way of business who makes money by working for rich people who can afford to pay high prices for pretty things, should be allowed to cause obstructions and drift into inciting to riot. The scene at Battersea Church last Sunday comes very well in to enforce the same moral. A large body of police had to be told off to prevent a handful of loafers from disturbing the congregation. These men have their own work to do, and plenty of it. They are fairly entitled to have a light day once in the week; but because a handful of agitators choose to try to advertise

themselves, the police must do extra work. Could not order have been kept in the church by the simple and easy resource of punishing the rioters of the previous Sunday? No doubt it could; but then it would have been necessary to act with some approach to vigour, and certain persons would have been howled at. Rather than be howled at, the gentlemen responsible for the government of England will allow quiet congregations to be worried and the police to be overworked. It is a very dignified state of things.

BEGGARS AND BURGLARS.

IT is high time that the attention of Sir CHARLES WARREN should be directed to the growing audacity of the beggars that swarm our streets, and to the loud complaints of the inaction of the police. Apart from this nuisance, there is evidence enough in the week's chronicle of assaults and burglaries to show how necessary for the protection of the public is an immediate increase in the police force. It is not the professional mendicant who has his station and keeps it, or the street-singer, or the unobtrusive beggar who does not beg in words; it is the robust and impudent rogue with whom we have to do. The sturdy beggar is rampant in the quiet suburban roads, particularly in Bayswater and Kensington, and he does not go alone. Banded in discreet numbers, these gentry begin at early dusk to pester unprotected ladies, or any timid or helpless people they encounter, and from all accounts they pursue their craft with absolute immunity. If unsuccessful at the outset, they try varied forms of intimidation, which doubtless do not often fail. Only the other day some thoughtless person was assaulted and robbed while about to relieve one of these rogues. This did not occur in the West End, it is true; but it is only reasonable to expect similar results if the insufferable condition of the streets is not remedied. In the meanwhile, everybody is asking Where are the police? A correspondent in the *Standard* suggests that they are withdrawn to regulate traffic, especially where cases of illness demand quiet streets; but this explanation is a little incredible, as the REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S last weekly report shows an unusually satisfactory state of the public health. It is far more probable that the monstrous license permitted to the class of demonstrators who figure in “parades” is not intended to exclude any sort of vagabonds. Hence the relaxation of police duty, and hence the bracing effect of a permissive policy on the tactics of the bold beggar.

What the increase of vagabondage really means we may gather from the instructive reports of the police courts. The account of an attempted robbery with violence in a small boat in the middle of the river, near London Bridge, carries us back to the dark days of paralytic watchmen and oil lamps, when the waterside was infested with the most desperate ruffians conceivable. In this instance the bold venturer in a novel style of robbery turned out to be a “rogue and a vagabond” on his own confession, and was probably a young hand at the old profession of river pirate. Audacious as was this attempt on the Thames, it was surpassed by the burglar who broke into a house at Lavender Hill in the daytime, on Tuesday last. The locality is an open highway, patrolled by police, a place that burglars might be supposed to shun for its conspicuous show of security, and consequently a place where the constable is ever within call. The capture of the burglar was remarkably fortuitous. By some strange chance the lady of the house was looking through the drawing-room window, and saw, flying between the first floor and the earth, not “CUPID all arm'd,” but the burglar dropping from an upper window, with pockets bulging with spoil. And, by what, appears a still stranger chance, considering the unobserved entry of the thief in broad daylight, the alarm of the servants brought a policeman to the spot, but not before the ruffian had brutally assaulted the lady who had courageously prevented his escape. It is hardly surprising that the COMMISSIONER OF POLICE complains of the insufficient force at his disposal. Nor does the Lavender Hill burglary alone illustrate this inadequacy. Few ratepayers are eager, we imagine, to reinforce in their own persons what is ironically called “the force”; and yet this is what we must arrive at if the police are not speedily recruited. As it is, it is not merely the householder, but the chance wayfarer, who is pressed into the service. How scandalous is the need for increased strength in the Metropolitan Police is strikingly shown in the report of a case of burglary at Woolwich which is still

under remand. In this instance an unfortunate constable was so violently assaulted by one of a couple of scoundrels as to be still incapable of duty, and in all probability he would have been fatally injured if it had not been for a gentleman who was passing at the time, by whom aid was obtained after searching the neighbourhood. These facts—and they might easily be added to—show clearly a serious increase in the worst forms of ruffianism, such as can only be effectively dealt with by an increase in the forces of repression.

IRELAND.

IT was perhaps hardly necessary, after the fall of the curtain on Messrs. HARRINGTON and CONYBEARE'S burlesque-melodrama in the Kerry mountains, to admit the public behind the scenes. For to every one, with the exception of a few honest English dupes who had forgotten the Irish genius for histrionics, and the thoroughness with which the modern Radical has taught his sympathetic passions to "move at the command" of party animosity, the essentially theatrical character of the Glenbeigh atrocities already stood exposed. And even these few dupes, always assuming that their own prejudices had no share in their deception, would probably soon have found out the trick which had been played upon their sympathies even if the correspondence which has passed between Mr. HEAD, Sir REDVERS BULLER, and Messrs. DARLEY and ROE had not been given to the world. Still, it is a good thing, and for two reasons (though one of these two reasons has a root of evil), that these letters should have been made public. In the first place, the very mischief of General BULLER'S well-meant mediation between landlord and tenant at Glenbeigh has had at least this one beneficial result—that it testifies to the natural prepossessions of a witness whose final and complete abandonment of the case of the tenants may thus carry to some prejudiced minds the conclusion, not otherwise to be brought home to them, that that case has neither in equity, humanity, nor morals a leg to stand upon. To such minds the letter written a week back by Messrs. DARLEY and ROE, though not one of its statements has ever been effectively refuted or even indeed denied, was only "the agent's account of the matter." It has now in substance become General BULLER'S account of the matter. We have now the authority of an avowed tenant's friend for these three highly important propositions:—First, that Mr. HEAD, the representative of the freehold interest in the Glenbeigh holdings, behaved with the utmost indulgence towards the tenants; secondly, that the substituted promise of payment of six months' instead of one year's rent—a promise the acceptance of which by Mr. HEAD was cordially acknowledged by General BULLER himself as a most liberal act—was well within the tenants' power to perform; and, thirdly, that their dishonest breach of it was solely due to the instigation of Parnellite agitators. The agents had already stated that the tenants' case had been given up by their very priest, who had laboured even harder than the officer of the Executive to bring about a settlement; but now the public have, under his own hand, Father QUILTER'S denunciation of the "poor slaves" of the National League who "would not keep their word," and on whose behalf he vows that he will never interfere again during his time in Glenbeigh. When two advocates of this description unite in throwing up their briefs, we know what to think of the case.

But the publication of this correspondence is even more to be welcomed for the lesson which it conveys to the Government and to that "flabby" section among their supporters who have approved of their ill-judged attempt to introduce a kind of "Executive equity" into their administration of the law. The attempt was certain from the first to prove a failure; but we must account it good fortune that it has failed so instructively as it has. If civil process in Ireland is to be executed by a sort of military HAROUN AL-RASCHIDS—men regarding themselves not as the servants, but as the correctors and mitigators of the law—we are quite willing to admit that Sir REDVERS BULLER would be as good a man for such an office as could be found. In spite of his too obvious tendency to believe that any Irish tenant who says he cannot pay his rent is really unable to do so, the benevolent General seemed really desirous of taking as fair and considerate a view of the landlord's case as his prepossessions would allow him. He was plainly as anxious that the tenants should deal honestly with the landlord as that the landlord should deal

indulgent with them, and, on finding himself disappointed in the first expectation, he threw them over with prompt and praiseworthy decision. But it is impossible for any one who reads the letters candidly not to perceive that General BULLER'S official capacity fatally affected his utility as a mediator. The Irish tenant, on whose shrewdness Radicals are always bestowing conventional praise, while they constantly assume when it suits their purpose that he cannot see an inch before his nose—the Irish tenant knows perfectly well that it is not the regular business of a commandant of police to press landlords to make reductions in their rent; and, though the inference which he draws from such an officer's intervention is of greatly exaggerated dimensions, it is at bottom correct. What he infers is that the officer in question is exceedingly anxious not to be called upon to assist in the enforcement of civil process, and herein the tenant is unquestionably right. His mistake lies in thinking that the official reluctance is insuperable, and that disinclination to enforce the law will or may be carried to the length of a refusal to enforce it. And when this mistake is encouraged, as men like Mr. HARRINGTON and Mr. SHEEHAN know how to encourage it—when incitements to dishonesty are supported by promises of impunity, and promises unfortunately to which this kind of irregular Executive interference gives such colour of reality, the result is easy to foresee. It is, in fact, the result which has come to pass at Glenbeigh, and for which we must now say plainly that Sir REDVERS BULLER, and, in so far as he sanctioned his proceedings, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, are in part responsible. It might be going too far to say that, had General BULLER not interfered in the matter, the Parnellites would not have succeeded in inducing the tenants to break their words; but it is speaking well within the mark to say that a success otherwise probable was by the interference in question rendered certain.

Unlike as the two cases may appear superficially, the moral of the Glenbeigh evictions so far as they concern the Government does not widely differ from that which may be drawn from the Report of the Belfast Riots Commission. Both of them are sermons on the old text that an English Executive which shows partiality to one or the other of the two bitterly divided sections of the Irish people will pay for its blunder by finding that it has propagated delusions most dangerous to peace and order. The Commissioners, or a majority of them—and we do not yet know on what point Commander M'HARDY differs from his colleagues—report, as every one expected they would, in terms strongly condemnatory of the behaviour of the Protestant people of Belfast during the successive outbreaks of riot in that city in the course of last summer and autumn. They add words, however, which, while they are not intended to, and perhaps do not materially, weaken the force of that condemnation, yet serve to remind us of other persons who ought in justice to come in for a share of it. "Unquestionably," say the Commissioners, "a main cause of the prolonged continuance of the disturbance was the wild and unreasoning hostility exhibited by a large section of the Protestants of Belfast against the police." The belief that "the late Government of the QUEEN was packing the town of Belfast with Catholic policemen carefully selected from certain Southern counties, and charged with shooting down the Protestants," was, "there can be no doubt, honestly held by large sections of the humbler Protestants of Belfast, and was the secret of the bitter hostility shown towards the Royal Irish Constabulary." And the Commissioners go on to regret that "no authoritative voice was raised to dispel these unhappy beliefs until Inspector-General REED explained, on the 7th of August, that the late Chief Secretary had nothing whatever to do with the selection of extra police for Belfast," and that he (Mr. REED) was solely responsible. We are unable, however, to share the Commissioners' belief that such an attempt at the personal exoneration of Mr. MORLEY would have had any considerable effect. The Belfast Protestants believed that the Government of the United Kingdom was in the hands of men who were endeavouring to induce Parliament to surrender them to the tender mercies of a bitterly hostile majority. Every man who acted as the instrument of these men—whether his name were MORLEY or REED—would be looked upon as being "tarred with the same brush" as the Administration he represented or served. Like the Glenbeigh tenants, the humbler Belfast Protestants pushed the inferences from their belief, as ignorant men will do, beyond the limits of the reasonable and probable; but we say of the Belfast Protestants' belief what we would say of that of

the Glenbeigh tenants, that both sets of believers had in them the "root of the matter."

It might be as well perhaps if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would study this Report, and consider the state of relations to which it testifies, before further elaborating and amplifying the proposals for a Canadian system of Home Rule. If our memory faithfully serves us, he insisted, in one of his many and not always easily reconcilable discourses on the subject, that if anything in the nature of Parliamentary institutions were granted to Ireland, the Northern Province should be detached from the other three, and receive an independent Legislature of its own. We do not know whether or how far Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has in his numerous journeyings travelled from this fixed point of opinion; but if he has quitted it we should counsel his returning to it. He will find it more necessary to the practical support of his case than any academic victories he may gain with Mr. REGINALD BRETT's assistance over Mr. HALDANE with reference to the constitutional relations of the Dominion Parliament to the Provincial Legislature. Here, we think, he makes out his case; but no niceties of distinction between "delegation" and "surrender" of legislative power would be of much importance if once a Parliament, with three-fourths of its representatives hailing from Munster, Leinster, and Connaught, and the other fourth from Ulster, ever gravely sat down to attempt the task of legislation for their "united" country.

RUSTIC SUPERSTITION.

THAT "the days of superstition are past" is an announcement frequently and triumphantly made by those who advocate the disestablishment or destruction of any institution or belief which happens not to be in accordance with their own interests or theories. Little, indeed, must such speakers know of the minds, not only of the poorer classes, but of those whose education, as one would suppose, should have raised them above the influence of the grosser and more vulgar forms of superstition. We are not now speaking of the newly-invented Astral Bodies or Telepathy; these are the latest refinements of Spiritualism, and may die out; we refer to the fine old-fashioned belief in ghosts, witches, wizards, and "uncanniness," which is still far more prevalent than even the believers themselves realize, they being usually more or less ashamed of and reticent as to the faith that is in them.

Mr. Hardy, who has an unusual knowledge of rustic life and habits of thought, in a recent novel, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, gave a wonderful sketch of a local soothsayer, his patrons and his profits; and though the date of the story lies as far as some fifty or more years behind us, there can be little doubt that the sorcerers of whom "Wide-oh" is the type still flourish in our midst. To this fact the daily papers bear witness, since we often read of some wretched old woman being haled before the bench and sentenced to fine or a term of imprisonment for pretending to tell the fortunes of servant-girls with a pack of dirty cards or the dregs in a coffee-cup, though, by the way, there is considerable inconsistency in a legislation which punishes the old woman and yet permits Turf touters to advertise with impunity that they have the winner of the next three Derbies in their pockets and are willing to part with the information on the transference of a certain number of half-crowns from those of a credulous public. Still, though the wise woman, usually a denizen of cities, is occasionally caught napping, owing perhaps to an infelicitous habit of mixing up magic with the reception of stolen goods, the wise man of the provinces is more wideawake and carries on his trade without interference from the police; his speciality being the cure of warts, toothache, and certain cattle diseases by incantation or other mystic rites.

We happened not long ago to meet a young, well-to-do, and well-educated farmer in a market town not on a market day, and in the course of conversation casually asked what particular business he had on hand. "A very bad toothache," he replied. The next and natural question was to inquire if he had "been and had it out." Blushing to his eyes he said, "I dare say you'll think me very foolish, sir, but I've been to a wise man to have the pain charmed away. Folks say as he's wonderful at that sort of thing, so I thought I might as well give him a trial." This announcement being received with the burst of laughter he evidently expected, he hastily added, "Believe it or not as you like, sir, as soon as he said something the pain went clean away, and I've been easy ever since." It was worse than useless to explain the well-known effect on the nerves, of a visit to any sort of dental operator, and the agriculturist wended his way to spread abroad the fame of his healer, and no doubt to suffer renewed agonies as soon as he got home. It may be added that under no circumstances will a countryman, if he can help it, have a tooth taken out by a regular practitioner—a baker, grocer, or blacksmith with a local reputation of being "uncommon handy" is almost always resorted to for this extreme measure. It is but another form of provincial superstition.

The familiar occurrence of a mysterious ringing of bells by some occult agency is a never-failing source of awful joy to the country

town or neighbourhood to which this supposed supernatural manifestation is vouchsafed. The house thus favoured is the constant centre of thought, conversation, and pilgrimage; groups of true believers stand outside with upturned gaze, as though expecting to see the ghost appear out of one of the chimney-pots and address the audience from the roof, while those who are sufficiently in the intimacy of the terrified though flattered household to be admitted to the haunted dwelling would not change places with Mr. Rider Haggard's heroes. And when the inevitable *dénouement* comes, when the half-silly servant-girl or wholly mischievous boy has been accidentally discovered throwing a rolled-up stocking or cap at the bell, in the general disappointment and sense of injury which ensues, faith though shaken, is not destroyed. A few steadfast ones gather together, and comfort each other with such sayings as "Twas better to make believe as 'twas all nat'ral," "Folks don't like their houses to get a bad name," or "Don't tell I as any gell could have kept they bells ringing the night through"; and the lump of incredulity thus gradually releavened, the next announcement that the spirits are at work again finds acceptance ready as ever. It must be frankly admitted that churchyards have of late years fallen from their high estate in rural estimation as the recognized ghost's playground; not that a countryman would willingly linger within these precincts after nightfall, nor would he appoint such a tryst for his lady-love, but he no longer regards the burying-place with his former feeling of reverential fear. The reason of this change is not easy to discover, as it can hardly be attributed to intellectual enlightenment. Perhaps he has good grounds for his confidence. It may be that since the passing of Mr. Osborne Morgan's Bill the *manes* of the older and orthodoxly interred residents sulk in their sepulchres, holding themselves aloof from possible contact with newcomers "licensed to walk" under a Nonconformist ritual, and that these latter, out of respect to class prejudice, or from a feeling of diffidence unknown in a previous existence, shrink from obtruding themselves on public notice. If, however, churchyards have somewhat abated their terrors, it is as aforesaid owing to no decay of superstition; for certain lonely lanes or portions of roads supposed to be more or less haunted are still only willingly traversed in company or by daylight. And the peculiarity of these places is that they seldom, if ever, are the "walk" of any definite spectre. The rustic, if he will talk on the subject at all, will tell you that he "have heard tell there's summat," but what "Summat" is, having no idea on the subject, he will certainly not attempt to express one; meanwhile "Summat" gallantly holds his allotted territory, and causes the belated villager to commit various acts of trespass in order to avoid Tom Tiddler's ground.

"Summat" unfortunately does not always choose to live out of doors, as a landlord may find to his cost. Old farmhouses not unfrequently have a chamber set apart for the residence of this vaguest of phantoms; and as the growing-up family requires more room, the tenant will ask for partitions or fresh building rather than disturb "Summat" in his dusty though inhabitable apartment. A little way up the glen of Rothes, in Morayshire, is a large billock, locally known as the "Doonie." A few years ago, and probably to this day, it had the reputation of being no canny after dusk. A Scotch "Summat" graced it with his presence, though in this particular instance he was probably originally induced by illicit distillers, who sought his protection against disturbance in their business.

The old conventionally haunted family mansion, though fairly holding its own amongst the tenets of rustic superstition, does not—inasmuch as it is not open to the public—greatly exercise the rustic mind. The White Lady appears only on special occasions, the wheels of the invisible carriage rumble up only to that one door, and in neither case does the phenomenon bode evil to aught but the lawful proprietors of the ghost, though it is a drawback to service which has to be duly considered in the domestics' wages. Yet is there a country house we wot of in the West, where the atmosphere was so full of supernatural electricity, and so slight a friction was necessary to secure its discharge, that the place acquired a local celebrity as inconvenient to the owner—who was non-resident, and wanted to find a tenant—as it was interesting to the neighbourhood. In this case the disturbing agents were a skull and a couple of thigh-bones, said to have been the property of an ancestor who had been either hanged or murdered, both of which incidents had embellished the chronicles of a lively and aggressive race. Whether these relics had been collected from the gallows, or kept in *memoria* of a coroner's inquest and a post-mortem examination, deponent sayeth not, nor is it known why they had been denied the rights of burial; but from some misplaced sentiment they were preserved, irreverently stowed in the cupboard of an attic, and there left to disturb the peace of the inmates, the speciality of these bones being that if untouched they were as well-behaved remnants of mortality as could be desired, but if meddled with, and the cupboard seems to have been always unlocked, they instantly resented the affront with knockings, rustlings, banging of doors, steps on the staircase, and other manifestations of outraged spirits. All this was alarming enough, and there was for a long time considerable difficulty in finding a caretaker, the simple expedient of burying the bones or of locking them securely away never apparently having occurred to any one. At last an old family gamekeeper (whom it was supposed the family ghost might tolerate), with his wife and a mischievous boy of about ten, were installed in charge. Gamekeepers are not as a rule much troubled with nerves. Familiarity

in this instance, as in most others, bred contempt, till in a year or two the only notice the old man took of a violent outbreak on the part of his spiritual associates was to remark, "There's that dratted boy been a-playing wi' they bones again," as if the youth were surreptitiously preparing to join an Ethiopian troupe!

Rain seldom fails us in England, and very rarely do we suffer from anything approaching to drought. The ordinary wells, pits, and springs suffice for the farmers' needs, and they can dispense with resort to magic arts in search of water. Yet in the provinces would a man be deemed worse than profane who should express doubt in the virtue of the divining-rod. It is true that search for hidden treasure is not as general a pursuit as it was before the days of the rural police; but when Dousterswivel makes his appearance, as he still does from time to time in quiet country towns, he can reckon upon many believers and a fair supply of victims.

Can we fail to join "Wide-oh"—Mr. Hardy's rural wizard—in his astonishment "that men could profess so little and believe so much at his house when at church they professed so much and believed so little"?

SO VERY DIFFERENT.

"REPLYING to a Scottish correspondent who had asked whether Home Rule for Ireland was the same as Home Rule in Canada, Mr. Gladstone writes:—"I consider that there are many circumstantial differences between the cases of Canada and Ireland; that within and under them there is a strong analogy, and that in the main they have the same friends and foes. Toryism gave no support to freedom to Canada and resists it in Ireland." In reply to a gentleman at Cirencester who wrote to him as to the legality of Lord Salisbury combining the office of Foreign Secretary with that of Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone has written as follows:—"SIR,—I will not say that it is illegal to combine the offices you name, but I have a very strong opinion that it is in the highest degree impolitic, and may perhaps be called unconstitutional.—Yours faithfully (signed), W. E. GLADSTONE.—Jan. 24." These two letters follow each other in the *Daily News* of Thursday; and, if the *Daily News* is not an unexceptionable authority for Mr. Gladstone's utterances, that at least is not our fault. They are an interesting pair, though the second is much more interesting than the first. Number One, it may be observed, amounts in fact to little except to an assertion that the Tories are wicked—which we all knew before. Macedon and Monmouth are very much alike, especially as to the m's; but Macedon and Monmouth are very unlike, especially as to the h's and the d's and the great u's. There is, however, this abiding resemblance, that Tories hate both. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, does not give us those little, those trumpery little, dates and facts which are so useful to students of history who do not, like himself, begin the study between their seventieth and eightieth years. When did Tories give no support to freedom in Canada? Is Mr. Gladstone playing pleasantly on the word Tory, and does he refer to the loyalist repulse of the advances of "freedom" in the War of American Independence? The singular attitude which he has recently taken up towards that one of his numerous native countries which is called England renders this by no means improbable. Or is he referring to the troubles in Canada, what time Her Majesty began her happy reign? If so, we should not be sorry to have a few particulars about the exact failure of support to freedom (whatever that may mean) at that time. Or does he refer to the constitution of the Dominion? If so, we had certainly thought that a certain Tory called Lord Carnarvon had a very great deal to do with supporting freedom in Canada, as Mr. Gladstone counts freedom, and had indeed, as far as any one Minister well could, connected his name with it. But these are peddling comments. "There are many circumstantial differences between the cases of Canada and Ireland"—that is to say, whenever the example of Canada is quoted in a manner inconvenient to me, William Ewart Gladstone, I declare it of no effect. But "within and under them there is a strong analogy"—that is to say, whenever I choose to compare them the comparison stands good. Moreover, there is salmons in both—that is to say, both are hated by the wicked Tories. Now, this statement has at least the grace of a double novelty. We dare bet anything in reason that there is not a Canadian in a hundred who knows that the Tories are foes to Canada; and we dare repeat the bet that there is not one Tory in a thousand who knows it. But that only shows how much cleverer than both Canadians and Tories, how much cleverer than everybody else, Mr. Gladstone is. *Quod non erat demonstrandum.*

Number Two is much better. The point of it may escape careless readers, but is easily made clear. A few days ago it was announced that some wisecrack of an M.P. (we forget precisely who, but it was, we think, somebody who combined the twin graces of Nonconformity and Radicalism) was going to bring before the House of Commons, as a point of constitutional importance, Lord Salisbury's combination of the "offices" of Prime Minister (which, indeed, is not an office, though Mr. Gladstone says it is) and Foreign Secretary. Now it is notorious that Mr. Gladstone has himself held, and received increased salary for holding, two real "offices"—two offices with special emoluments and duties attached to each—to wit, the First Lordship of the Treasury and the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. And it is also notorious that—since Lord Randolph Churchill's retirement,

at any rate—Mr. Gladstone's followers, and apparently Mr. Gladstone himself, have discovered that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is by no means a mere Treasury official, but, on the contrary, is a kind of inspector and check on the national expenditure. So that, if the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer are one and the same person, the effect is very much as if the chairman of a railway Company were also its auditor. It was not impolitic for Mr. Gladstone to be three gentlemen at once (Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer); it is in the highest degree impolitic, and may perhaps be termed unconstitutional, for Lord Salisbury to be two gentlemen at once—the Foreign Secretary and the Prime Minister—even though, as everybody knows, there is nothing to prevent any Cabinet Minister, whatever his office, from holding the so-called primacy at the Sovereign's command. It is so very different, you see, although, as Mr. Gladstone would doubtless have acknowledged if it had suited him, and as it certainly appears to the natural man, there is within and under the two a strong analogy.

That a Gladstonian newspaper should not only print in full this delightful example of the Gladstonian two weights and two measures, but also repeat the substance of it as the first and most important piece of news of the day, is a very refreshing and succulent fact. It is one more instance of that entire imperviousness to humour which has been more than once pointed out as a natural and necessary sequela of the disease called Gladstonianism. It is a simple historic fact that nearly all the great jokers have been Tories of the wickedest kind in politics, whatever license they might give themselves on the other *grands sujets*. Aristophanes, Shakspeare, Swift certainly and Rabelais probably, were Tories; Lucian and Molière are silent on politics; Voltaire was politically very far from being on the side of the Revolution. Only the transient and embarrassed phantom of the Canon Schidnischmidt (with Canning in his own day to balance and neutralize him) can be quoted on the other side, and anybody who really appreciates Sydney can see that there was no root of Liberalism in him, and that it was only the jest of an Anglican clergyman being a Liberal that tickled his light, if not holy, soul. But that anti-humouristic diathesis which shows itself so often in some kinds of Liberalism reaches its climax in the Gladstonian perversion of the Liberal creed. There was Sir George Trevelyan, who used to be *merum sal*, whom a long course of advocacy of the county franchise and of serving Mr. Gladstone reduced to something very like utter dulness, and who is now painfully and with difficulty returning to his natural state—his convalescence being checked by frequent relapses as he looks back. As for Sir William Harcourt, friends and foes alike have sorrowed over that marvellous translating, that hideous reduplication of the adverb in the motto "*Vernon non semper virot.*" The latest victim is, of course, Mr. Labouchere. Who does not remember when Mr. Labouchere but a few months ago was the kitten of politics, and delighted in entangling everybody's political skeins in the most pleasing way? Alack! one day he became a serious Gladstonian, bid for the deputy-assistant-leadership of the Gladstonian party, and went about lecturing on the faith that is in Hawarden. The result of which is that he is now simply *assommant*, and what is to be done with him nobody knows. Gladstonianism seems to act on the nerve, or membrane, or whatever it is which determines humour in the human constitution as a direct and specific destroyer. It is said that in mediæval times even the extremely uncomfortable process of walking on red-hot ploughshares could be made tolerable by arranging matters with the proper authorities. So insensibility to the most agonizing jests is induced by Gladstonianism. Whether the fact of Mr. Gladstone's being tolerated by the English people at all is to his faithful followers such a huge and stupendous joke that after it nothing has any effect on them; whether the silent contemplation of his perfections disables the rest of their mental faculties from all use whatever; or whether a person who has any sense of humour feels when he becomes a Gladstonian that, if he indulge it even to the very least extent, he is lost, we cannot pretend to say. But your Gladstonian abstains from jokes (except very bad and poor ones) more religiously than a Pythagorean from beans, and perhaps with an equally devout ignorance of the reason.

Therefore, we say, it is not in the least improbable that many Gladstonians have failed to see, and will fail to see, anything funny either in Mr. Gladstone's solemn Bunshyisms about Canada and Ireland, and the fact that Canada and Ireland have the same friends (that is to say, good Mr. Gladstone), and the same foes (that is to say, the wicked Tories), or in his candid expression of opinion that, though it was quite proper for him to hold three offices, two of which have prescribed duties, it is in the highest degree impolitic, and perhaps unconstitutional, in Lord Salisbury to hold two offices, one of which has no prescribed duties at all. It is so very different. And (which is even more agreeable) it is not probable, but certain, that Mr. Gladstone does not see anything funny in it himself. To call Mr. Gladstone an impostor would, of course, be a dreadful thing. But it is certain that those who are privileged to live in his days (it is a privilege which in that special form some of us would not be sorry to commute for a fair equivalent in something else) have almost unrivalled opportunities of observing how the great impostors, all of whom have necessarily been great and sincere self-deceivers, have arrived at their crowning state. If Mr. Gladstone wrote on shoulder-of-mutton bones instead of post-cards; if we read in the daily press, "Yesterday, in presence of a deputation of Man-

chester Liberals, the moon came down, entered Mr. Gladstone's right shirt-sleeve, which he had just unbuttoned in order to commence [they would certainly say commence] felling a tree, and, being distinctly visible throughout its passage behind the great statesman's back, emerged at his left wrist," the thing could not be more instructive. The revelation about Zeinab was not more convenient than Mr. Gladstone's discovery of the turpitude of the Union. Some may think, indeed, that Mohammed was, in the ordinary sense of the words, a much better fellow than Mr. Gladstone; but that is personal and irrelevant prejudice. The important thing is that, both in their proceedings and the attitude of their followers towards them, there are (in the inimitable language of the later prophet) "many circumstantial differences, but within and under them a strong analogy." This analogy it may some day be worth while to work out.

THE NEW SAVOY OPERA.

MR. W. S. GILBERT'S new opera, most infelicitously called *Ruddygore; or, the Witch's Curse*, is in some respects so excellent that again and again as we listen we are inclined to pronounce it worthy of its parentage; but there are other moments when we are apprehensive that the humourist's imagination has run shallow, that his perception is less acute than it was in earlier days. Mr. Gilbert certainly repeats himself. In the play which has just been produced at the Savoy Theatre, a leading character is an exceedingly virtuous person who is driven by circumstances to change his nature and commit crimes; and the germ of this idea is surely derived from the "Bab Ballad" of "The Rival Curates," utilized for theatrical purposes in *Patience*. The transformation of pictures into the originals from whom the portraits were painted is of course a reproduction of Mr. Gilbert's *Ages Ago*, and some of his detail also lacks novelty. In *The Pirates of Penzance* the miscreants yield when they are bidden to do so "in Queen Victoria's name." In *Ruddygore*—that the author should have chosen so repulsive a title is a lasting source of wonder—the wicked baronet, Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd, is foiled when about to do something outrageous by the production of the Union Jack, which is waved over the heroine's head. "You are Rose Maybud?" Margaret exclaims interrogatively on hearing the girl's name. "Yes, sweet Rose Maybud!" is the reply; and as we hear the answer we reflect that more than one of Mr. Gilbert's ingenuous maidens have betrayed the same unconscious vanity, the Scotch lassie of *Engaged*, who frankly acknowledged that she was a very very beautiful girl, among them. The main object with which the new opera opens is the burlesquing of old-fashioned melodrama; but such burlesques have been frequent for many years past, and though previous parodists have not exhibited the sensitive appreciation of the ludicrous which is found in Mr. Gilbert's book, the theme was scarcely worth treating again, in view of the fact that melodrama of the strictly conventional pattern is no longer to be seen. Perhaps Mr. Gilbert recognized this when, in the second act, he drifted away from what appears to have been his original scheme. The characters in his first act are imagined and presented in his best vein. Dick Dauntless, the man-o-war's man, who invariably serves his own ends and does what suits him under the plea that he is obeying the dictates of his heart, and takes much credit for his honesty and sincerity in following that impulse, is a true creature of Mr. Gilbert's fancy, as are the Baronets, Sir Despard first and then Sir Ruthven, the latter, really heir to the estates and title, having evaded succession and spread abroad a rumour that he was dead, seeking thereby to avoid the doom of the Murgatroyds, whose tenure of life and wealth depends upon their committing one crime a day. A really amiable and virtuous man driven to the perpetration of his daily atrocity is a personage after Mr. Gilbert's own (dramatic) heart. The feminine characters are less to the point, though there is humour in the conception of the heroine, Rose Maybud, who regulates her conduct by the precepts contained in a book of etiquette, and is always prepared to lavish her affections on the most eligible suitor who may be within reach. The introduction of Mad Margaret is comparatively purposeless. "She is wildly dressed in picturesque tatters, and is an obvious caricature of theatrical madness," the book says; but when in such a case an author tells us that a thing is obvious, he indirectly confesses that it is not so obvious as he assumes. Mad Margaret is a burlesque of the distraught damsel who was a familiar and effective personage in melodrama. But she is a being of the past, we do not find her on the stage now, her proceedings are likely rather to perplex than to amuse, and there is always something painful and much out of taste in the caricature of mental weakness. As regards the story Margaret has no dramatic *raison d'être*. Her insanity is emphasized in the first act in order that she may appear all the more prim and demure in the second act, when she changes her disposition completely to keep suit with her lover, Despard, once a villain of the deepest dye, afterwards, when freed from the responsibility entailed by the family curse, a Sunday school teacher and a model of propriety.

The first act, at the end of which Dick Dauntless reveals to Sir Despard the secret that the rightful heir to the property and the curse lives in the person of the so-called Robin Oakapple, is bright and humorous; and Sir Arthur Sullivan has done his

share with his accustomed success; but when the second act is reached the author apparently feels the poverty of his materials. Dick Dauntless has no further concern with the story; Rose Maybud has been little more than a melodious shadow from the first; Margaret can only be brought in episodically; and Despard has quite slipped out of the plot proper. The story begins to fall to pieces. Mr. Gilbert has some very strong cards to play, but not enough to ensure handsomely winning the game. One of these cards is the interview between the new Baronet and his ancestors, whose portraits are hung round the walls, and who step down in a body—if the word body be admissible in connexion with spooks—and inquire whether Sir Ruthven (as Robin has come to be called) is committing his daily crime "in a conscientious and workmanlike fashion." What villainy did he accomplish on Monday? the ghost of his predecessor solemnly inquires. "Monday was a Bank Holiday," the latest Murgatroyd answers; and the inquisitorial spectre apologetically admits the excuse. "True," he says, and we feel that Mr. Gilbert's opportunity has arrived, for who but he would have lighted on so whimsical a fancy? The false income-tax return which Sir Ruthven made on Tuesday, the forgery on Wednesday of his own will, and on Friday of the cheque of a man who had no banking account, Saturday's disinheriting of an unborn only son, are all ideas which no other writer than Mr. Gilbert would have imagined, and there is humour, also, though in truth here the humour is very grim in character, in the episode which leads to the introduction of the elderly Dame Hannah. Sir Ruthven, ordered by his ancestors—Sir Roderic foremost of them—to abduct a lady, abducts the heroine's elderly aunt, who, however, was once engaged to marry Sir Roderic, whose spirit now severely reproves his successor for his presumption. But even in a comic opera some interest should be sustained, and by this time we are drifting in no direction where any desirable thing is to be gained. Though no sympathies are to be gratified in such a piece as this, the ordinary rules which attach to all sorts of dramatic work must be observed if the piece is to please; a sense of satisfaction must be fulfilled; but here we arrive at nothing, there has not been sufficient material for the burlesque Mr. Gilbert originally devised; and as he has lapsed he has taken the composer with him. The chief peculiarity of the successful partnership between Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan has always been the fidelity with which the musician has reflected and illustrated the author's meaning. When Mr. Gilbert grows earnest in his search for effect, Sir Arthur grows earnest likewise. The setting of the song sung by the ghost of Sir Roderic, "The dead of the night's high noon," is in its way a very wonderful piece of work. The stringed instruments in the orchestra have a strange suggestiveness, and the wind emphasizes the mystery.

As the sob of the breeze sweeps over the trees and the mists
lie low o'er the fen,
From grey tombstones are gathered the bones that once
were women and men.

So Sir Roderic sings, and, so far as music can aid, the scene appears to be forcibly suggested; but we are constrained to ask, Is this comic opera? "Supernatural opera" is, it is true, the description, but it is understood to be comic, and comedy is of course the design. This charnel-house business, references to funeral shrouds, churchyard beds, and grey tombstones, has no humorous side, and indeed, except some flips on the piccolo which sound shrilly through the orchestral turmoil, and are evidently meant to illustrate the ghost's kiss on the "lantern chaps" of his "ladye toast," there is no attempt on Sir Arthur's part to relieve the gloomy power with which he has scored the song. Powerful it is, but not within the limits of any legitimate sort of comic opera. Less striking, but still solemn, is the "Chorus of Family Portraits," a stately movement in F, very skilfully written, as is all that Sir Arthur Sullivan does; but not comic opera, again; and for this, seeing the words he was called upon to set, we cannot hold the composer to blame. There are many admirable numbers in the score, let us cordially admit, and several which well display the musician's extraordinary imitative aptitude. The Handelian chorus, "From the briny sea," is in the highest style of musical parody, and this is well continued in Dick Dauntless's ballad in G—here also Mr. Gilbert is at his best—with a hornpipe to follow, a remarkably spirited and tuneful hornpipe, too, in some measure an inversion of the College Hornpipe, perhaps, but first-rate, nevertheless. A notable piece of musical humour is introduced into the chorus of Professional Bridesmaids, which becomes divertingly familiar in the first act. They have to sing a wedding chorus if any marriage is afoot, and their question when they are in doubt as to whether their services are needed—

In singing are we justified
Hail the bridegroom—hail the bride?—

ends with an ascent to a demi-semi-quaver, which gives a wonderfully quaint air of interrogation. Of course Sir Arthur has a snatch of comedy for the bassoon, an instrument he is fond of employing for humorous purposes. "Cheerily carols the lark, Over the cot," Mad Margaret sings, and an appropriate instrument does duty. "Merrily whistles the clerk, Scratching a blot," the verse continues, and a sort of see-saw motion of the bassoon drolly describes the clerk's action. There is whimsicality, too, in Sir Arthur's setting of a duet in the finale, "Oh happy the lily when kissed by the bee," which he has made into a sort of lilt. A madrigal which precedes this last-named number should be mentioned for its beauty; but we find nothing at a first hearing

which seems to have the melodious simplicity of the quartet in *The Sorcerer*, the charm of the duet in *The Pirates of Penzance*, or the musical value of the best pieces in other operas. Happily Sir Arthur cannot help being tuneful and instrumenting his work tracefully and fancifully. In none of the previous pieces has there been anything funnier than the duet "I once was a very abandoned person," sung by the reformed Despard and the no longer distraught Margaret. The extreme gravity of countenance and demeanour with which the pair execute a dance to slow music is indescribably comic. Unfortunately the characters have now no connexion with the plot, and this is the more to be regretted as Mr. Rutland Barrington and Miss Jessie Bond, who fill the parts, are sources of strength to these operas. Mr. George Grossmith does not much advance his reputation as a comedian by his performance of Robin or of Sir Ruthven. The lines of both characters are broadly indicated, and he follows them in his accustomed fashion, which has something of quaintness in it. Mr. Durward Lely favourably distinguishes himself as Richard Dauntless, and affords an example of the rare combination of actor and singer—a tenor who can act is specially rare, and a tenor who in addition can dance a hornpipe with the spirit and neatness which Mr. Lely displays is altogether exceptional. Miss Jessie Bond does a great deal for the success of the opera, as her mad scene requires peculiar adroitness and boldness of treatment. The introduction of this was attended with considerable risk; but Miss Bond cleverly averted danger. We are grateful to Miss Rosina Brandram for her agreeably distinct enunciation which renders it unnecessary to follow her with the book. Miss Leonora Braham does creditable service as the heroine Rose Maybud, though the character is not invested with any special qualities. The dresses of bridesmaids, officers, and all subordinates are remarkably picturesque, and, we have no doubt, are strictly correct. The dexterity and finish which have marked the previous productions at this theatre are equally perceptible in the new opera. It is in some important particulars inferior to the best of its predecessors; but, being by Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, it is of course a thing to be seen; and its superiority to the ordinary burlesque is incalculable.

RECREATIONS IN LONDON.

ONE thing the nation has been learning in the last fifty years, and that is the necessity for recreation. In former days there was literally no holiday-making, except at rare and old-fashioned festivals like Christmas. Men of business, with money in the bank, might break away from work for a time, but their clerks and mechanics were kept to the mill in the dull routine of monotonous labour. The hours of toil were excessive, even for women and children, before Lord Shaftesbury undertook his crusade for their emancipation. Yet it was not altogether either the selfishness of employers or old custom that was to blame, for the difficulties of holiday-making were immense. There were no suburban railways; travelling was slow and expensive. The youth who came to town from the remote country might have to bid a long farewell to his people and his father's house. With a furlough of some forty-eight hours at the utmost, it was impossible to coach it to Cumberland or Cornwall, even if the cost of the journey had not been an insuperable obstacle. The artisan turned loose for the day lost his wages and gained little. When stage coaches brought up the City merchants to their offices from Hampstead, Streatham, or Wimbledon, and when most of the seats were secured for regular customers, there were no possible means of making a general exodus. It may be said that the only entertainments for the working classes in London were the churches, the public-houses, and the gin-palaces. When the more rational and frugal-minded of them declined to get drunk, they had to lounge about the streets, or sit at home with the squalling children. Dickens painted the typical bricklayer, enjoying his quiet Sunday, by leaning against a post in corduroy breeches, with his hands in his pockets, his dog at his heels, and a short pipe between his teeth. Even their social superiors were not much better provided for, although we may assume that the supply of entertainment was equal to the demand, and that the habits of our married fathers were dully domestic. Turning back to the advertising files of the *Times* in 1836, we find that there were only four operas or theatres advertised in West London—Covent Garden, Her Majesty's in the Haymarket, the Olympic, and the Victoria (late the Coburg). Places of innocent recreation were rare, but those on the borderland between decency and dissipation were tolerated and freely patronized. The parson from the country might be puzzled as to passing the evening, but the fast man about town knew how "to make a night of it." The once famous gardens of Ranelagh had disappeared, but they had been replaced by the dazzling fascinations of lamp-lighted Vauxhall and Cremorne. Then, and for some thirty years afterwards, the Harry Fokers and the Griggses, after "toddling about" the lobbies of the theatre, and "giving a hand" or flinging a bouquet to the favourite actresses with whom they dined at Richmond and Blackwall, tumbled into cabs and were whirled southwards. They might dance with respectable young women like Fanny Bolton, or rotate round the orchestra in the mazy waltz in the embrace of professional sirens. If the weather were unfavourable, or in the cold nights of the winter, they turned into the cheery

Cave of Harmony or the Coal Hole, consoling themselves with broiled bones and bitter beer, and chorusing the loose minstrelsy of popular improvisadores. Absolute freedom of programme was the order of the nights; license and personalities were everywhere in the ascendant. We all remember the magnificent indignation of Colonel Newcome, when he beat a precipitate retreat with his innocent boy, on his rude awakening from dreams of rapturous delight by a startling outburst of harmonious obscenity. In short, in those days the public were careless and the police in no way particular, as might be seen in the social scandals which disgraced the night saloons of the Haymarket.

Nowadays the police authorities take more trouble about the preservation of outward decorum, partly because entertainments have been multiplied and popularized in response to the general demand. Critics may deplore the decline of the drama; particular houses may be unlucky and come to grief; but there can be no doubt that the theatre is extraordinarily flourishing, and that a grand field has been opened to the ambition of dramatic authors. There are any number of theatres now in all quarters of West Central London. The run of successful plays must be reckoned by hundreds of nights; the lucky authors or adapters are richly rewarded; the artists who fill the leading parts have lucrative engagements that would have staggered the credulity of their most brilliant predecessors; yet should the manager make a hit, he is sure to be "brought home," since within the last twenty years he has doubled the prices of the pit-stalls and the boxes. He has no longer to rely on the patronage of our unsophisticated cousins from the country, with a small circle of confirmed metropolitan playgoers. It is *de rigueur* in all classes of society to profess familiarity with the stage-literature of the day. The manners of the interpreters of Shakspeare or the looks of the stage-queens are criticized and discussed at every dinner-table. If the head of a household is to lead a happy life, he must take a box for his family from time to time; matrimonial squabbles are squared by the tickets for a couple of stalls; and when Corydon and Phyllis begin to be bored in the honeymoon, the visit to the theatre, with the preliminary dinner at the restaurant, is a blissful relief. The rush of cabs to the eastward down Piccadilly, before the normal London dinner-hour, is perilous and portentous; while the weekly "theatre trains" running through the metropolitan counties, are found to remunerate the Companies handsomely, although they upset all rural domestic arrangements. And the stage has been flourishing to the south of the river and away in the regions of the East, though it would have done better had it not been for the competition of the music-halls. The music-hall is the bijou theatre of the poor. It suits their tastes and anticipates their fancies. And to have really happy holiday-making among the lower orders, they must have the right of free eating, drinking, and smoking.

They may enjoy that to the utmost, supposing they have the money, in the summer excursions which are now so universal. In these days of the rival railway Companies, with their perpetual excursion-trains, it is hard to realize the state of mind of the London working-man at the accession of Her Majesty. Unless he retained some faint recollections of the parish of his boyhood, his vision had been bounded all his life by the London bricks and mortar. He might have strolled under the elms in Hyde Park, or seen the spire of Harrow from the heights of Hampstead; but he knew nothing of shady and flowery field-lanes away from gas-lamps and watchmen; he had never seen the sea or the Channel; and his knowledge of ornithology was gathered from the sparrows in the streets, or the parrots and canaries in the windows of the bird-catchers. When the Child of the Marshalsea cross-examined his friend the Turnkey about the buttercups and the daisies, he had promptly to turn the conversation to hardbake. Many a man, not always "in the lock" of a City prison, was at least as ignorant as the genial Bob. Now the frequent summer excursions to the sea have been brought within the reach of everybody who has a trifle in the savings bank or "tick" with the master. We do not know that these brief outings bring unmixed good, as they are certainly far from being unadulterated enjoyment. Any ordinary day's labour would seem far less fatiguing than the early start, the rush for tickets, the hustling for places, the comfortless carriages, the terribly long day on the melancholy shore, with no shelter between the sea and the shingle, and the slow return in the shadows of the night, half-stupified with bodily fatigue, if not with spirits and tobacco-smoke. The morning must often bring regrets, if not repentance, and that single toilsome holiday involves sundry others. But, at any rate, these sea trips must expand the mind, as they are becoming a recognized condition of the existence of the modern working-man.

Personally we should prefer the lot of the skilled artisan with fair and regular wages to that of the ordinary clerk or shopman. But as far as the new holidays are concerned the latter have decidedly the advantage; and it seems to us that it is the clerks and shopmen who chiefly profit by them. Unless the quarterly Bank Holiday falls in the middle of the week, they can generally arrange for some days of liberty. The scenes at the great metropolitan stations are striking on the first evening when the City slaves have broken loose from harness. Special succeeds special at the bustling platforms, each of them, of course, being despatched after time, but still with creditable punctuality, considering the circumstances. The first-class carriages are few and far between; the luggage-vans are neglected. The passengers are chiefly of the male sex, and young, for the most part. They are bound for Inverness,

for Holyhead *en route* to Ireland, for Penzance, Penrith, or the Isle of Man. The forethought necessary for providing finances has taught them lessons of self-denial, and they have been stinting themselves in more selfish pleasures to pay for their railway-tickets. Assuredly they will make a fairer start on their return, purified and invigorated by the memories they have been reviving. Nor can anything show the hold these holidays have been taking upon the City youth like the swelling of the traffic in the most inclement season on the cheaper Continental routes. The half-emptied steamers from Harwich or from Queensborough have filled to overflowing all of a sudden; for the Dutch and the German clerks are revisiting their fatherlands, in spite of storms and sea-sickness and scrambling discomfort, in that touch of human nature that makes all the world kin.

THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

THE current theatrical season in New York has been distinguished more by financial prosperity than by artistic merit; and at the theatres in which great actors are wont to reveal themselves in répertoirs of sterling dramas, the season has, indeed, been weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. The only flutter of interest thus far aroused at the Star Theatre was the engagement of Mr. Wilson Barrett, who, after announcing that he had no desire to be heralded with the customary flourish of advertising trumpets, contrived to be pretty extensively interviewed as to his theories of Hamlet. Mr. Barrett produced only *Claudius* in New York, and the measure of his success may be succinctly recorded in stating that the earthquake was received with thunders of applause. Mr. Barrett's picturesque posing, and the evident earnestness of his work, were praised in New York, and he won the esteem, if not the admiration, of playgoers in that city. His peculiar enunciation and unnatural manner of reading were severely criticized. Miss Eastlake was held to be a good leaving actress. At the Union Square Theatre the principal work of the season has been done by Mme. Modjeska. Devoted to her art, intelligent, conscientious, and gifted with true artistic intuition, Mme. Modjeska is always welcomed in New York, and her work is watched with the keenest interest by critics and amusement-lovers. She produced two new plays in the course of her season at the Union Square. The first of these was *Les Chouans*, which fell dead after the first act. The second was *Daniela*, adapted for her by W. Von Sachs and E. Hamilton-Bell. The adaptation, it should be noted, was well made. Much that was good in it was original with the adapters. The German play, however, was analytical rather than dramatic. The story would have been told better in a novel, where obscure and unusual psychological processes could have been more thoroughly explained. The conditions of mental stress under which the heroine laboured were so uncommon, that it was greatly to the credit of Mme. Modjeska that she made the character so nearly intelligible as she did. There was no failure in her art; the fault was in the material it had to fashion. More satisfaction was given by her appearance as the heroine of *As You Like It*, for her Rosalind is a delightful work, subtle, sympathetic, rich in intelligence. It happily cannot be called a finished work, for the actress is improving in it—which is a hopeful thing, not only for her, but for dramatic art. The spectacle of a woman of Mme. Modjeska's talent and experience humbly seeking to elevate her work and draw nearer to the fountain-head of inspiration is a striking lesson for younger actresses. Mr. Barrymore, though exceedingly bad as the Count Von Lexow in *Daniela*, was a pleasant representative of Orlando. The comedy, as a whole, was well presented, and the production reflected credit on Mme. Modjeska's enterprising spirit.

At the Standard Theatre Mr. Pinero's farcical play, *The Schoolmistress*, has been produced by Miss Rosina Vokes. The actress was ill for some time in the West, and her engagement became such an uncertainty that its financial prosperity was destroyed; but the production met with general approval. The play pleased the New York public, and Miss Vokes's performance was highly commendable. Mr. Weedon Grossmith, of her company, has attained wide popularity in America; his quiet, effective fun having appealed with especial directness to the audiences' keen sense of humour. Mrs. Langtry has been playing in and around New York, beginning her season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where she appeared first in *Peril* and afterwards in Mr. Charles Coghlan's *Enemies*. Mrs. Langtry's excellent performance in both plays has been already commented on in these columns. Mr. Coghlan's play was well received, and his unconventional performance of Claude Melnotte pleased his audiences greatly. Mr. R. B. Mantell has recently appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in an American play called *Tangled Lives*, by a New York journalist, Mr. John W. Keller. This is Mr. Keller's first play, and it reveals his possession of valuable talent. He has taken for his subject the New York State-law which decrees that, if a man takes a woman as his wife without any formal ceremony, dwells with her and acknowledges her to friends, she is legally his wife, and on this has built a play which, though crude in places, possesses much more merit and promise than the average American drama.

There have been two burlesque companies in America this season—one led by Miss Violet Cameron and the other by Miss May Fortescue. There is little to be said in favour of the Cameron Company's work, because it was of the old-fashioned sort. The

Fortescue organization, however, treated the people of New York to a most delicate and refined species of burlesque. Their method of presenting a play in its original form and infusing into the performance all that was ludicrous was at once novel and effective. Miss Fortescue's burlesque of *Frou-Frou* will be long remembered in America as a genuinely funny piece of work. Her pathetic whine and her delightful burlesque imitation of the facial expression of several great emotional actresses were the perfection of intelligent travesty. The Americans were filled with considerable curiosity about this entertainment, and went to see it quite as eagerly as they hasten to an anatomical museum or an illustrated lecture on comets.

The season at the comedy theatres has been a little more interesting, but by no means equal to the great majority of its predecessors. There has been at Wallack's Theatre the usual lack of definite policy, which has had the inevitable result of puzzling the public and keeping many persons away from the theatre. In the present season four plays have thus far been presented—*Harvest*, *Sophia*, *Moths*, and the *School for Scandal*. The first-named play was produced on October 13, when the season was begun. The author, Mr. Theodore Hamilton, is a member of Mr. Wallack's company. *Harvest* was not received with eagerness by the New York public. It served to reveal the merits and defects of several new members of Mr. Wallack's company, including Miss Coote and Mr. Creston Clarke. Miss Annie Robe looked well in grey hair, and acted with some force; but this young lady has hardly enough intellectuality to grasp leading rôles in emotional plays. Mr. Kyrle Bellow was a sufficiently unhappy husband. The other members of the company, saving Mr. Herbert Kelcey, cannot be remembered at this distance. The second play of the season at Wallack's was *Sophia*, Mr. Robert Buchanan's dramatization of Fielding's *Tom Jones*. This also was a failure, the Americans having no palate for Mr. Buchanan's highly-spiced dialogue, and taking little interest in the welfare of such a prim young damsel as he made of Fielding's delightful heroine. His Squire Weston was a second edition of "ramping, stamping, tearing, swearing Billy Harwood," the famous coachman; and Mr. Harry Edwards played the part with an earnestness and vigour that left nothing to the imagination. Miss Robe looked like an excerpt from a Watteau painting, and acted with grace and discretion. Mr. Bellow's Tom Jones was one of the best things he has done, and Mr. E. J. Henley's Blifil was a capital piece of acting. The play, taking it all in all, was admirably done, and deserved a better fate than it won. It was followed by Mr. Hamilton's dramatization of *Moths*. It is impossible to account for the reproduction of this piece, except on the ground of Mr. Bellow's desire to pose as a romantic tenor with the voice of a Billingsgate fishmonger. It was a happy change on December 27 from *Moths* to the *School for Scandal*, with the veteran John Gilbert as Sir Peter Teazle. The affectionate welcome which the public gave the old actor must have touched his heart. His performance of Sir Peter has lost nothing since it was last seen five years ago. It is full of rare and sweet tenderness, delightful humour, subtle satire, and mellow pathos; and over all is thrown an atmosphere of senile uxoriousness (not, by-the-by, that Sir Peter ought in strictness to be senile), and a flavour of genuine antiquity which crowns the whole performance. It is a fine piece of artistic work, imbued with the spirit of an elder school of acting, and as welcome at all times as those familiar flowers of spring. Miss Robe's Lady Teazle was creditable, though not equal to the traditions of Wallack's. Mr. Edwards's Sir Oliver ranked next in excellence to Mr. Gilbert's work, and was an admirable performance. Mr. Henley's Crabtree was an unusually clever interpretation of that neglected part. Mr. Bellow was the Charles, and Mr. Kelcey the Joseph.

At the Madison Square Theatre Sir Charles Young's play, *Jim the Penman*, was produced on November 1, and leaped at once to the topmost pinnacle of popular favour. Nothing need be said about a play so well known in London. The New York production was thoroughly commendable in every respect.

The season at Daly's Theatre has been filled so far with two plays. The first was called *After Business Hours*, and was produced on October 5. This play, taken from the German of Dr. Blumenthal, received less treatment from Mr. Daly's adapting hand than most of his productions do. It had less sparkle and brilliancy than the Daly plays usually have. Miss Rehan as the wife, Mr. Drew as the husband, and Mr. Lewis as the broker did some capital work. A better play, however, was *Love in Harness*, adapted from *Le Bonheur Conjugal*, and produced on November 16. This play deals with the conjugal difficulties of two young wives who endeavour to follow their mother's advice and subjugate their husbands. The latter decline to be subjugated, and various amusing difficulties follow. The play is slight in texture, but full of action and fun, and it has been a pronounced success. Nothing but Mr. Daly's restless ambition induced him to remove it to make way for his production of *The Taming of the Shrew*. Mr. Fisher and Mrs. Gilbert appeared as Mr. and Mrs. Joblots, the parents of the young wives; Mr. Lewis and Miss Dreher, as Mr. and Mrs. Naggett, one of the young married pairs; Mr. Drew and Miss Rehan, as Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart, the other pair; and Mr. Skinner, as a young physician in love with Miss Jenny Joblots, who was represented by Miss Lillian Hadley. Miss Hadley is a débutante, and her work was pleasing. Miss Jean Gordon, another new member of Mr. Daly's company, gave a delightful

sketch of a volatile French serving-maid. Miss Lizzie St. Quentin, also an addition to the company, enacted Mr. Naggitt's servant. She did not harmonize with Mr. Daly's methods at first, though a good actress; but her work improved in that respect. In all other respects the performance was without a defect. Mr. Lewis was provided with a part which fitted him like a glove, and his nervous, sparkling humour was unflagging. Mr. Drew has seldom been seen to better advantage than as Mr. Urquhart, and Miss Rehan was admirable in every way as his spouse. That sterling old actor, Mr. Fisher, had a part of more prominence than has recently fallen to his lot, and he treated it with all the skill of an accomplished artist. Mrs. Gilbert's rôle was also well suited to her, and she made the most of it. As a whole, *Love in Harness*, while light and airy as a moment's fancy, proved one of the most delightful in Mr. Daly's long series of truly artistic and popular successes.

The most notable of recent novelties in New York was Brander Matthews's *Margery's Lovers*, presented at a special matinée at the Madison Square Theatre on Tuesday, January 11. This comedy was received with every evidence of delight, and achieved an unquestionable success. Mr. Matthews's play has been considerably altered and strengthened since its presentation in London, and is now strong, coherent, and effective. The rôle of Blackwall, the aged gambler and father of the heroine, whose name is now Margery instead of Marjorie, has been elaborated to suit the purposes of its representative, Mr. J. H. Stoddart, and certain other valuable portions of the play, omitted in London on account of their strictly American significance, have been restored. The production at the Madison Square was admirable. Mr. Stoddart's performance of the old gambler was full of power and pathos, and in it he added another to his long list of triumphs. Mr. Alexander Salvini played the Count Sarazac with charming abandon, a fine assumption of polished insolence, and an abundance of subtle and artistic significance. Mr. E. M. Holland as the eccentric Colonel Long, who, though brave and energetic, prefers to pose as indolent, made a distinct hit, and Mr. Walden Ramsey gave a capital character sketch as Master Bobby Webster. Mr. C. P. Flockton was mainly as the Commodore, and Mr. Louis Massen played John Alden well. Miss Marie Burroughs was very pretty and naïve as Margery. The scenery was handsome, and the performance moved with great smoothness. The audience which assembled to witness the production was a notable gathering of the literary, critical, and social personages of New York.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

THE spirit of alertness that now animates the minor associations of artists seems to have extended to the Dudley Gallery Art Society, whose exhibition of water-colours this winter is formed on sounder and more critical principles of selection than we have known for some time past. Though the average achievement is in no sense remarkable, it is a clear advantage to visitors and exhibitors, as well as a presage of reform, to be able to note a considerable reduction in the number of works exhibited. The burden of mediocrity that threatened at one time to become the chief distinction of the Dudley Gallery cannot be discarded at once; it must be shed by vigilant self-criticism and the expansive action of new vital forces, a process that must naturally prove somewhat deliberate with an old corporation. The first wise step being taken, there is the more reason to hope for the future. Landscape, always prominent in water-colour art, is more than usually abundant this year. Restricted though the show is as a whole, the range is wide in this particular. Broad and vigorous impressions of artists of individuality, who devote themselves chiefly to open-air problems of light and colour, may be cited in the "Gipsy Life, Winter" (145), of Mr. Claude Hayes, in the realistic force and fine aerial quality of Mr. Alfred East's "Berkshire Common" (122), and in the two Norfolk sketches (99, 102) of Mr. Edward Sachse. Full of repose and a kind of decorative grace of colour is Miss Kate Macaulay's "Coming Back from the Fishing" (30), a marine piece that offers a piquant contrast to the pale pearly tones and indefinite gradations of Mr. Francis Powell's "Off Hastings" (143). Mr. Powell has seldom shown in the Pall Mall Gallery anything so admirable as this delicate vision of cloud and sheeny water. Mr. Harry Godwin's "A Red Sunset" (107), a sounder and truer drawing than the laboured and prismatic "Autumn at Arundel" (43), is one of the most individual works in the Gallery. Good in atmospheric effect, and firmly handled throughout, it gives us a passage of really lovely colour in the rendering of meadows and foliage. Mr. Charles Robertson's "Bab-el-Hareem" (53), a study of a dusky Oriental standing by the entrance to a palace, the gate to the harem, is chiefly notable for the arbitrary introduction of a mass of gigantic poppies. Clearly an afterthought, these garish flowers detract from the value of the figure and the clever painting of the creamy masonry and its inlaid tiles. The best of several works by Mr. Rupert Stevens is the sober and sincerely observed landscape, "Cranleigh Common" (106). Of Mr. Medlycott's cold colour and precise mechanical style there are not a few examples, though in "St. Paul's from the River" (119) the artist is so little himself, so unusually interesting, that he seems to have abandoned the hard formalism of his method. A number of studies of Indian life by Mr. John Griffiths of Bombay, two of which are lent by the Prince of Wales, are

curiously literal representations of street scenes, bazaar-life, snake-charmers, and the like. These are doubtless accurate notes of costume, incident, and local colour; and as much may be said of Mr. Scott's "An Indian Highway" (193), which has an additional play of vivacity and a good effect of sunshine. Mr. J. M. Donne's striking and rather weird Alpine study, "The Last Rays of a Stormy Sunset" (38), must appear strange and spectroscopic, a lunar landscape, perhaps, to those who want the artist's experience of the Alps in all times and seasons. The rule that the unfamiliar is not the beautiful holds good in this instance. Among the President's contributions are several fine drawings of Highland scenery; and one of the Clyde, with Dumbarton Castle (20), low in tone, broad in treatment, and of sober colouring. The rendering of the gloomy hills under impending showers is admirable, true, and delicate. Of several charming flower-pieces by Miss Helen Thornycroft, "Chrysanthemums" (1) decidedly attains to the highest decorative value.

OUR ARTILLERY.

THE present moment, when most European nations are adding to their already overgrown armaments with feverish haste, hardly seems a propitious one for reducing our artillery, whose strength is notoriously below the requirements of the nation. Nevertheless, with a perversity which seems to lay observers unaccountable, the authorities have resolved to do this, since a regimental order of the Royal Artillery informed us last week of changes and reductions which decrease the number of our guns horsed for immediate active service by no less than thirty-four. One battery of Horse Artillery is to be disbanded altogether; four others are to be "converted" into Field Artillery, and reduced from an establishment of six guns to four; whilst no less than ten field batteries are to undergo the same diminution. The batteries which form part of the establishments of the 1st and 2nd Army Corps are, it is true, left untouched; but it argues a somewhat overweening confidence in the efficiency of an untried mobilization scheme, as well as an obliviousness of the lessons of the past, to suppose that they can be made ready for active service without drawing on the men and horses of batteries left at home. Artillery, as every one knows, is the most difficult of the three arms to improvise. In times of profound peace, and presupposing the existence of powerful reserves, it would be impossible to condemn the cutting down of our batteries to a peace establishment of four guns, granted the power of raising them to a war footing of eight on receipt of the order for mobilization. This is what is to be done, or attempted to be done, in Russia. But where in our own case are the reserves? and, even on the above hypothesis, how could the abolition of the one whole battery be justified, seeing that a multiplication of units of small strength, to be expanded swiftly from the Reserves on mobilization, constitutes the basis of all sound military organization? With Europe in its present warlike mood, however, and separated by so short an interval from the time when military operations become feasible, it really seems little short of madness deliberately to renounce the use of guns which may be urgently required before they are fairly returned into store. In case of our being involved in a European war—say we had to throw our two possible Army Corps into Antwerp in defence of Belgian neutrality—this country, especially if we take into consideration the requirements of Ireland, would be nearly denuded of regular troops, apart from the dépôts. In the event of invasion, home defence would thus rest with the Militia and Volunteers, so that every available gun would be needed to lend stability to these partially-disciplined troops. Napoleon, in 1813, proved what could be done with raw recruits if supported by a numerous and efficient artillery; for it creates a moral impression far greater and more important than its physical effect. It is perhaps hopeless to attempt to provide our auxiliary forces with the number of guns adequate to their wants in the field; but let us not add to existing difficulties by unhorsing those which we have when so many indications point to the possibility of their services being in request ere long. The transformation of four batteries of Horse Artillery into as many of foot is a change which, it is to be hoped, is not due to petty economy, since it deprives many a deserving officer of a much-coveted prize, which is at the same time a reward comparatively inexpensive to Government. It may possibly be due to some proposed alteration in the constitution of the army corps artillery. Whatever might be the merits of these arrangements in more promising circumstances, as things are the reproof of Candide's preceptor is certainly applicable to their originators—"Mes amis, vous choisissez mal votre temps."

MINOR EXHIBITIONS.

SINCE we last spoke of it, one or two pictures have been added to the Winter Exhibition at the Hanover Gallery. The admirably frank and direct work of M. Carolus Duran is not quite unknown in this country, and has even appeared on the walls of the Academy; but we question whether anything of his so refined and charming as "Beppino" (41) has been shown before

in England. The grace and sentiment of this portrait of a delicate but lovely child cannot fail to please even those who think the greater part of the painter's work coarse and unsympathetic. It may tend perhaps to explain his aims and the spell that his style has cast upon so many younger artists, American and English as well as French. In common with a few French figure-painters now getting old, but more decidedly than any of them, M. Carolus Duran refused either to follow the columns of the so-called Classicists along the beaten roads, or to scuttle across country with the sharpshooters of the Romantic revolt. These men wanted something which could not be got either with the methods of Ingres or of Delacroix. Naturalism, that personal search after fresh facts, was not, as has been asserted, the sole or even paramount tendency of the time. Corot had just made a great conquest in landscape style, thereby reconciling many schools and bringing fresh provinces of nature under artistic control. Now these figure-painters sought, not perhaps with the same brilliant success, to perform a similar achievement, and to put the stamp of style upon the new ideas which had enriched their division of art. They wished to apply to the new matter and new sentiment opened up by the Romantic movement something of the force, simplicity, and thorough art of the greatest epochs. They believed that the modern realistic inquiry of the century had given them a new light wherewith to study the great masters, and effectively separate their theories and their technique from their sentiments and subjects. Thus, whilst they wished, as men, to continue to feel nature personally, they considered that, as craftsmen studying art, they could do no better than go straight to such models as Rembrandt, Velasquez, Titian, Veronese, &c. In this renaissance M. Duran kept his eye specially on Velasquez, and no one in this day has so vitally comprehended and so forcibly applied the lessons of that incomparable master. In deference to his view of the practice of this great painter, he passed his work through no preliminary stages utterly unlike the proposed result, used no glazing or other cooking processes, and rejected all means which escape the control of the artist and produce haphazard modelling or colour. As may be seen in the picture before us, he attacked the large masses at once and decisively, modelled by mosaic, sought simplicity of colouring and an aerial ensemble, paid special attention to value, and rendered the construction by drawing straightforwardly with the brush in the direction of the forms. No such exaggerations of local tints as salmon-like pinknesses, fish-scale glints, green hollows, dabs of crude lake and blue, &c., will be observed in the warm even delicacy of the flesh in this picture. The shadows are exquisitely aerial and true in their relation to the light; and they are painted, moreover, solidly and in no conventional slop of warm transparent colour. The flowers and other accessories are skilfully and elegantly handled, and in no way compromise the broad effectiveness of the whole canvas. Fault may be found here and there with the pattern on the dress; it scarcely follows the sinuosities of the folds; but who amongst the many authors of avowed souvenirs of Velasquez have thought of imitating his conscientious delicacy in this respect.

Americans are docile, and enter easily "*dans la peau d'un autre*," though too often they seem to bring but little body of their own to fill the void. However, to imitate unservilely thoroughly fine work of a past and no longer recoverable school may be counted a pardonable and even welcome industry. In many of his essays after the manner of French landscape-painters of Rousseau's time, Mr. Gilbert Munger by no means cuts the figure of the ass in the lion's skin. The fact of his having adopted a certain style of composition and a mellow, juicy, and well-defined key of colour has not entirely prevented his studying some points of nature for himself. Thus a certain struggle with difficulties other than the purely manipulative imparts to his best work an occasional suspicion of those capricious beauties, those apparent accidents, which give to genuine art so inexplicable and wayward a charm. All his pictures in the upper room of the Hanover Gallery may be pronounced unequivocal imitations, some of them more or less spirited and vital, others soulless and technical. Rousseau and Diaz are chiefly laid under contribution for ideas, Millet, Corot, and Dupré to a much lesser extent. Though Mr. Munger has made the system almost too evident, and has imported into it a clumsy handling of his own, yet his "*Forest of Fontainebleau*" (95) very fairly illustrates the treatment by which Diaz managed to give the speckled sparkling of sunlight in a wood without making his rendering spotty and inartistic. A smaller picture (120) bearing the same title smacks rather of Rousseau; but of all the imitations it is the most spirited, the most like an independent contribution to the school, and the most enlivened by interesting and informal-looking workmanship. It may be said with some justice that "*Farmhouse near Anvers*" (111) can be called no direct imitation of any one in particular, but then, fresh and curious as it is, it bears no very distinct impress of style. There is more or less of Corot and Daubigny in the river pieces. "*On the Loing Gretz*" (113), for instance, borrows much from the feeling and treatment of Corot; the paint, however, is thicker and more pasty, and the touch less evident; and in this, as in "*The Seine, St. Cloud*" (98), and others, the colour scheme is dark, and active greens are zealously excluded. "*Pond near Barbizon*" (103) shows the influence of Millet; "*Near Anvers*" (99), with its heavy colour, balanced composition, stormy sky, and gloomy, wind-tossed trees, reminds one strongly both of Dupré and Rousseau. One or two pictures, though conceived in the same rich vein of colour, are voluntarily eccentric in arrangement, exhibiting strange

mechanical rows of poplars after the manner of Chintreuil. Others, again, are coarse, soulless "*pastiches*," such as the three oaks after Rousseau, "*Forest of Fontainebleau*" (119), of which the less said the better.

There is no doubt that Messrs. Muhrmann and Peppercorn, whose pastels are to be seen at Messrs. Buck & Reid's, have been influenced by the same great school as Mr. Munger, and perhaps also, to some extent, by its later development among the Dutchmen. Their methods, however, and their subjects, especially in the case of Mr. Muhrmann, are original enough to render their work less an imitation than an adaptation of the styles of their predecessors. Led by their own feelings as well as by the example of the great French school, they search for romance in the aspect of common things; and the way in which Mr. Muhrmann manages to surround quite ordinary houses, for instance, with a strange mystery of light and air reminds one of Millet in its spontaneousness and lack of affectation. Mr. Jules Lessore, whose water-colours hang in the same gallery, is quite a different kind of artist. He is a painter of sound artistic ability, possessed of a strongly realistic, and occasionally somewhat commonplace, artistic vision, capable of looking his impressions in the face, and courageous enough to force the key and aspect of his picture to correspond—brutally, if need be—to that mental image of nature.

Mr. MacWhirter has brought together an interesting set of Scotch views in the collection of oils and water-colours now exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery under the title of "*The Land of Scott and Burns*." Though his general idea of composition is good and effective, and his power of choosing his subjects and illustrating a given country is undeniable, yet it would be difficult to praise unreservedly his notions of technique and treatment. He seems scarcely ever to be fully determined as to what he means to do or as to what sentiment he will express, and he has but a vague ideal of art or of the emotions that correspond to differences of style and treatment. The general aspect of his work and its aesthetic effect are due to a strong love of certain narrow sides of nature, wrestling with purely technical difficulties, and unaided by much love or knowledge of picture-making in the artistic sense. He seems to have no conviction that handling can be either dignified or undignified, that a certain view of completion or finish may be incompatible with the introduction of details here and there only because you happen to be able to paint them. He rarely feels air continuously from foreground to distance as a swamper and revealer of objects and their local tints, and as the dominant ingredient of a key of colour. Though unequally educated, he is, without doubt, naturally an artist. This it is that drives him blindly to seek a rapid, pliable form of brushing, even though he must spoil its effectiveness next minute by a miserable pettiness of touch and conception. This, too, it is that makes him rejoice himself and us with a passage of bright and well-felt colour woven in a tissue of true atmospheric light, alas, soon to be drowned in the coarse clamour of raw pigment and feverish undertones of crude sienna. In fact, composition, as far as line goes, is his best point; then comes a certain freedom of workmanship not always tasteful. As to his colour, on the whole, it is raw and ill considered, and his tone and value are nowhere. Probably his coast marines least show these faults, and in them a certain fresh boldness of attack cannot fail to please. Of this class are "*Dunure Castle*" (89) and "*Arran from Ayr*" (93) in oil, and "*Shores of Iona*" (58) in water-colour. Some of the pictures of marked effect, aiming at poetry, become ridiculous, not so much through want of feeling and idea, as from haste, over-confidence, and want of the faculty of self-criticism. We may mention the raw sunset, "*Dandie Dinmont's Country*" (69), and especially "*Caerlaverock Castle*" (90), a piece of childlike imagination, representing cardboard towers without any dignity or mass. It is strange to reflect that the same man painted "*The Old Bridge, Dumfries—Moonlight*" (86). It is charmingly aerial and skilfully vague, full of tender passages of light running through citron and grey, and backed up by one of the few consistent and artistic foregrounds which the artist has given us. "*Edinburgh—Moonlight*" (72), a larger picture in a similar vein of colour, falls little below the level of the "*Old Bridge*" from a picturesque and literary point of view; but in the quality of paint and the poetry of treatment there is a great gulf between them. "*Harvesting*" (37) is a fairly broad and effective water-colour, "*Edinburgh from the Calton Hill*" (10), both true and picturesque as an illustration, and 39 would be a fine rendering of the effects of winter sun in a blue sky, but for the distraction of its wire-drawn branches and the useless complexity of its detail.

If Mr. MacWhirter has too little science, too little decision of purpose, and too haphazard a scheme, Mr. A. N. Roussoff has perhaps too much deliberation and too mechanically perfect a technique. In looking through his water-colours, chiefly of Venetian subjects, shown in another room at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, one cannot help sometimes wishing that he was less formal, less consistent, less irritatingly sure of his means. One sees nothing of that accidental-looking charm which we mentioned above in all this brilliant array of facile workmanship. At least there is one exception, just enough to show the advantage to style, in landscape at any rate, of looseness and freedom, whether they come from fresh difficulties encountered, from rapidity of work, or from an intentional concession to an ideal on the part of the painter. The "*Lime Kilns*" is a delicate sketch of vague buildings, barges, smoke, and greenish water, silvered over with light, painted with the most engaging freedom in luminous and opalescent colour.

"Ludgate Hill" (43), large, clever, and showy; "San Barnaba" (4), fresh and lively; "Sunset" (59), large in aspect and cleanly and skilfully touched, as well as many others, are all worthy of attention. A few, such as "The Post Office" (7), "Canareggio" (13), "The Giudiceca" (22), "Fishing-boats" (49), might with advantage have been less skilfully handled, if only they had been more intelligently treated. They annoy the eye by distracting spots of light colour.

Mr. Dunthorne has just published some excellent etchings and other prints. Mr. R. W. Macbeth is well known both as an original etcher and as a reproducer of pictures. In the first capacity it may be said with some truth that he does not rely sufficiently upon the quality of line, the legitimate resource of the true etcher. Where a faithful transcript of another man's work is to be undertaken in another medium, he is doubtless right to use every possible resource of the art to any extent. Bitten line, scraping, dry point and its burr, all the devices of printing, and much else, can be used without any derogation from artistic honour. If anything were wanted to justify him after his previous successes, the argument could be found in his "May of Life," after George Mason and his magnificent and sumptuous rendering of Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," from the National Gallery. The visitor should not fail to notice a delicate mezzotint by Mr. C. W. Campbell, after the "Pan and Psyche" of Mr. Burne Jones, and Mr. Robertson's etching after Turner's "Fighting Téméraire," remarkable for the fine swing of its lines.

FATHER M'GLYNN AND THE POPE.

MR. HENRY GEORGE and Mr. Michael Davitt have found a new ally—for he combines to the full in his own person the attributes of a Socialist and a Nationalist—in Father M'Glynn of New York, who evidently shares the conviction expressed the other day in the *Times* by Mr. W. S. Blunt that "the Church's ideal of political society is democracy controlled by religion," and that nowhere is the ideal "more likely to be realized at the present day than in Ireland under Home Rule"; only Father M'Glynn, as we shall see, goes a good deal beyond Mr. Blunt. But his ecclesiastical superiors do not seem to take very kindly to this new ideal of Catholic social morality. His Archbishop, Dr. Corrigan of New York, has suspended him, and the Pope has summoned him to give an account of his teaching at Rome, whither he refuses to go. The Roman Catholic rector of St. Stephen's Church, New York, is not probably in himself a very important personage; but his "case," which has figured largely of late in the Philadelphia telegrams, has a certain interest as illustrating the attitude of his Church towards the theories of which he has thought proper to make himself the evangelist, but which are hardly likely to find favour with Leo XIII. The quarrel appears to have begun five years ago, when Father M'Glynn's habit of making political speeches drew on him rebuke from Rome, and in the following year, 1882, he was suspended and promised to amend. He nevertheless continued his rôle of political agitator, till at length he was again "admonished" by the authorities last year. In spite of this fresh warning, he took an active part in Mr. Henry George's candidature for the mayoralty, and attended and addressed a political meeting on the subject last September against the express prohibition of the Archbishop, who thereupon suspended him for a fortnight. His reply was "to ride from poll to poll in an open barouche on the election day." Then came a pastoral expounding the orthodox doctrine, followed by a rejoinder from the recalcitrant priest, who declared "that the true and only remedy for social evils lay in the abolition of private ownership in land and the restitution to all men of their rights in the soil now unjustly monopolized by a few." This manifesto he declined to explain or modify, and was in consequence again suspended, and shortly afterwards cited to appear at Rome. He wrote to the Archbishop on December 20 that he would not go, and added,

I have taught and shall continue teaching, in speeches and writings, as long as I live, that land is rightfully the property of the people in common, and that private ownership in land is against natural justice, no matter by what civil or ecclesiastical laws it may be sanctioned. I would bring about instantly if I could such a change of laws all the world over as would confiscate private property in land without one penny of compensation to the misallotted owners.

Neither would he consent to call on the Archbishop to receive a letter from Cardinal Simeoni, Papal Secretary of State, which arrived in January, and which is described as kind and conciliatory in tone. It was therefore sent to him by post, and in acknowledging the receipt in a letter to the Archbishop he reiterated his refusal to obey the summons to Rome. Two telegrams from Rome soon afterwards followed, on January 16 and 17, the second from the Pope himself, directing Mr. M'Glynn at once to proceed to Rome. To these he vouchsafed no reply. He has however since published a Statement—to which we shall have occasion to revert by-and-by—questioning the accuracy, or rather the completeness, of the Archbishop's version of what had occurred, but his corrections do not seem to touch any important particular.

And here that staunch patriot and Catholic—for he no doubt reckons himself a model Catholic—Mr. Michael Davitt, comes upon the scene. On Monday evening last Mr. Davitt harangued a mass meeting of 100,000 Irish in Madison Square, New York, on the eve of quitting America, and after denouncing the Irish evic-

tions *more suo* proceeded to discuss the M'Glynn case. He seems to have recapitulated the facts much as we have done, but he bitterly reviled Cardinal Simeoni for having, "at the behest of English agents in Rome," selected for censure "one of the most faithful champions Ireland has ever given to the cause of human liberty and progress, for supporting what he calls and what I am proud to acknowledge as the Irish revolution." We take note in passing of that significant phrase. Father M'Glynn had only done "what the patriotic bishops and priests of Ireland have done in defiance of the same Cardinal Simeoni's puny injunction"—that is the Pope's Letter to them. They were ready, he added, to have "as much religion as you please from Rome, but no politics." It was this same Cardinal Simeoni—i.e. the Pope—who had ordered the Irish bishops and priests not to subscribe to the Parnell fund, when "the reply made was that the testimonial was nearly 60,000 instead of 12,000." In other words, the Pope's prohibition was flung back in his face with scorn by his faithful Irish, the confessors and apostles of Catholicism all the world over. Still Mr. Davitt hoped Father M'Glynn would go to Rome, and that the Pope would give him a fair and impartial hearing. On all which remarkable pronouncements Archbishop Corrigan made the not unnatural comment that, as Cardinal Simeoni was the Pope's Secretary, acting under the direct orders of his Holiness, to assail the Cardinal was simply to assail the Pope. It is much as though a disappointed correspondent who had received an unsatisfactory reply from Lord Salisbury's private Secretary were to indulge in rabid abuse of the Secretary, while professing the profoundest respect and admiration for Lord Salisbury himself. One cannot help indeed being reminded of a little episode in the long and angry controversy carried on in Ireland about "the Veto," i.e. the proposed Government Veto on episcopal nominations when Catholic Emancipation was under discussion some fifty or sixty years ago. The Irish priesthood—turbulent and "patriotic" then as now—was violently opposed to any such provision, but the Holy See was well disposed towards it, and a missive to that effect having emanated from the Papal Secretary of the day, the country rang with derisive abuse of "Mr. Quarantotti," as the Irish wits, lay and clerical, were pleased to style him. That to abuse "Mr. Quarantotti" was only another way of abusing the Pope can scarcely have escaped their penetration, any more than it escaped Mr. Michael Davitt's. But if Father M'Glynn's supporters are ingenious in drawing distinction without a difference between the Papal Secretary and the Pope at whose dictation he writes, it must be allowed that he has himself displayed a still greater ingenuity. Mr. Davitt indeed appears to have rather overshot the mark, for at the farewell banquet given to him on Tuesday last by the New York Committee of the Irish National League, where covers were laid for 200 guests, there are reported to have been fifty absentees, including all the priests who had been invited and several eminent Catholic laymen. Yet the chief culprit appears to retain the undiminished adhesion of his flock, said to amount to some 50,000, for they refuse to attend the ministrations of the priest, Donnelly by name, whom the Archbishop has put in charge of his parish, and the choir and acolytes at St. Stephen's, and even the servants at the rectory, according to the latest telegram, have struck in a body. Certainly Father M'Glynn has not, that we know of, made a public attack on Cardinal Simeoni, and his "puny injunction"—which happened indeed in this case to emanate directly from the Pope—but he has deliberately and persistently refused to obey it.

If we wish to know how he justifies this line of conduct on high Catholic and theological principles—for he tells us twice over that he is not only a Catholic but a "theologian"—we must go back to the Statement already referred to, put forth in a protest against the action of his diocesan, Archbishop Corrigan. The passage is so very curious both in its Catholic and its theological aspects, and has moreover so fine a flavour of Hibernian logic about it, that it is worth quoting as it stands; the italics are our own:—

I gave the Archbishop in that part of my letter of December 20 which he has not published good and sufficient reasons why I could not go to Rome. I have never retracted, nor without doing violence to my conscience could I retract, my firm conviction that God made the land for the equal use of all His children, and that laws which deny their birthright to the great majority of men are unjust and injurious, and ought to be abolished. I am theologian enough to know that the Catholic Church has never condemned this doctrine as contrary to Catholic truth. If the Pope teaching the Universal Church as chief Bishop thereof, or speaking *ex cathedra*, thus defining what has been handed down from Christ and His Apostles in deposit of the faith, should declare this doctrine contrary to the Catholic faith, I should then as a Catholic repudiate it; but I am also theologian enough to know what the Church teaches as to the limitation of this power of definition, and therefore to know that the doctrine of equality of human rights in land can no more be condemned by the Church than any other truth.

First the writer tells us that he neither has retracted, nor ever could retract, "without doing violence to his conscience," the Socialist teachings which have exposed him to ecclesiastical censure. Secondly he declares that the Catholic Church has never condemned these doctrines—which may be true in much the same sense that Solon never condemned parricide. Thirdly however he assures us that, if "the Pope speaking *ex cathedra*" were to condemn them, he "should then as a Catholic repudiate," what he had said just a dozen lines before he could never repudiate without doing violence to his conscience. But at the same time, fourthly, he will never have to repudiate them, because he knows enough of "the limitation" of the Papal power of definition to know that Socialist doctrines "can no more be condemned by the

Church than any other truth." Was ever a stranger medley of self-contradictory verbiage put together even by an Irish Nationalist ecclesiastic? In the same breath he assures us that he could never retract his opinions without doing violence to his conscience, and yet that under certain specified circumstances he would retract them; that if the Pope teaching *ex cathedra* were to condemn his doctrine he should feel bound as a Catholic to repudiate it, and that the Pope in pronouncing such a sentence would be exceeding the limits of his power, and therefore there would be no Catholic obligation to submit to it. This throws by the way a curious light on the practical value of the Vatican dogma of Papal infallibility. It is expressly defined to extend to all questions of "faith and morals," and it is hard to see how the Socialist question can be excluded from the sphere of morals; to say the least an infallible authority must surely be within its rights if it sees fit to include it. Yet here a Catholic priest and "theologian" comes forward to declare that he should regard such an inclusion as *ultra vires*, and that the Church can no more condemn Socialism "than any other truth." Father McGlynn can hardly need to be reminded that any Papal condemnation of any tenet, of faith or morals, not expressly censured in some previously received definition might be just as easily evaded by the same method of reasoning. He would probably be shocked at any impeachment of his Catholic orthodoxy in the strictest Vatican sense of the word.

MONDAY'S SCARE ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

EVERY well-informed person is aware that there is a great speculation on the Stock Exchange. It was begun some three years ago by the capitalists of Berlin, who then took in hand the reorganization of Russian finance, and shortly afterwards proceeded to speculate largely in other foreign Government bonds. In this speculation, happily, Englishmen have taken little part. The other Continental Bourses have followed the lead of Berlin; but the London Stock Exchange has kept apart. It has speculated in Egyptians, as it always has done, and to a lesser degree in Turkish bonds, Ottoman Bank shares, and certain other international securities; but it has gladly sold the Russian bonds which German speculators and capitalists so eagerly bought, and likewise Hungarian, Austrian, and Italian bonds. The Berlin speculation was followed about a year and a half ago by a great speculation in American railroad securities. The origin and course of this it is unnecessary to trace, it is within the observation of every reader. Encouraged by the success of these two great speculations, and probably enriched by participation in them, London speculators started a movement on their own behalf in home and miscellaneous securities. There is thus at the present time a triple current of speculation upon the Stock Exchange, the speculators generally in the one, however, being more or less concerned in the other two. Under any circumstances a long-continued and wild speculation of this kind is liable to panic; but just now, when the condition of the Continent is so unsettled, and when Prince Bismarck's speeches have sufficiently impressed upon all minds the gravity of the situation, a panic is very easily brought about. And what a panic means may perhaps be most easily explained to the reader when we remind him that at the end of 1885 the stocks quoted on the London Stock Exchange were of the present annual value of over 5,480,000,000. A fall of only 1 per cent. upon this vast mass of property would amount to very nearly 55 millions sterling, and the fall on Monday certainly averaged fully 1 per cent. It is to be recollected that it extended to every Bourse in Europe and to the American Stock Exchanges. A sensational paragraph, then, in a morning paper caused a depreciation in the property of investors to the value of at least 55 millions sterling.

The first impulse on reading the statement was to wait for confirmation or contradiction. Prices of all kinds were instantly put down; but at first there was extremely little business done. When, however, no authoritative contradiction was forthcoming, selling began. And as the Continental Bourses opened, and quotations from London, 1 and in some cases 2 per cent. lower than on Saturday, were received, alarm spread over them also, and there was a rush of holders of securities to sell. The amount of stock thrown upon the London market was immense, and the selling on European account in New York was greater still. At one time it looked as if the scare would degenerate into panic. The blanched faces of speculators and brokers told their own tale, and many admitted that they had lost in a few hours more than they had gained during the past twelve months. Fortunately panic was averted. This was due, in the first place, to the coolness and courage of the great capitalists of the Continent. It is a remarkable fact that, though the scare originated in the statement that war between France and Germany is impending, there was a heavier fall in certain English railway stocks and in several American railroad securities than in the bonds of either France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, or Italy. One would have expected a heavy fall particularly in French and Russian bonds. The French finances are notoriously in disorder, and the general opinion is that a duel between France and Germany would be utterly disastrous to France; yet, as a matter of fact, French Rentes fell less than Brighton Deferred Stock or Denver Preference Shares. So far as international stocks are concerned the fall was greatest in those which are dealt in upon the London as well

as upon the Paris and some other Continental Bourses—such, for example, as Egyptian bonds. It would appear from this that the great capitalists of the Continent remained comparatively cool throughout the scare, and that they rallied together to support markets for those securities in which they are specially interested. But the purely speculative stocks which are dealt in everywhere, and in which the great capitalists are not specially interested, were left to take care of themselves. The second cause why the scare did not proceed farther was the readiness with which New York bought the vast masses of securities sold on European account. The belief is universal in the United States that a great European war would vastly benefit American trade, because it would stimulate the demand for American produce, and probably also for arms and ammunition; that the stimulus given to trade would increase the value of American railway securities; and, moreover, it is believed that the desire to put capital out of the reach of invaders would lead to the transference of investments from European securities to American securities. Thus Americans are convinced, just now, that the immediate prospects of their railways are exceptionally promising. And, as it happens, too, the New York money market is extremely easy. The pressure that existed towards the close of last year has been completely removed, loanable capital is very abundant, the banks are ready to lend freely, and, therefore, speculators are at liberty to operate largely. The result was that, vast as were the masses of shares and bonds sold in New York throughout Monday, they were all bought at comparatively good prices, the fall there being remarkably small when account is taken of the magnitude of the sales. These two sets of facts account for the comparative insignificance of the fall compared with the alarm that was really excited. In Continental Government bonds the fall rarely exceeded 1 per cent., and 3 per cent. was an exceptionally heavy fall. It does not follow, however, that the alarm excited was not very serious, for it is to be recollected that all through last week there was a steady fall in prices. On Saturday afternoon a recovery set in, as the general belief was that confidence was being restored, and that prices would then tend upwards. The scare on Monday came thus upon a falling market; and when it is recollected that the next day the Stock Exchange settlement began, when "differences" had to be settled and arrangements made to pay for them, it will be understood that the total fall compared with the previous settlement was sufficiently great to excite some anxiety as to whether over-venturesome speculators and too trusting brokers might be able to meet their liabilities on Thursday.

The scare on Monday was followed by a recovery upon Tuesday, which was carried further on Wednesday. It was found when the settlement began that much of the selling which had caused such great alarm the previous day was purely speculative, and this is a circumstance that always tends to restore courage to the Stock Exchange. Paradoxical as it seems, speculative selling on a large scale is a certain support to the market. Further, the reassurances issued by the press at home and abroad showed that no worse grounds for alarm exist now than have existed for weeks past. But a shock of the kind is not easily recovered from, and the markets have continued in a sensitive state. As a sensational statement was able to cause so much loss on Monday, it is argued that some other accident may have as great an effect by-and-by, and, therefore, people are afraid to operate freely or in any way to increase their liabilities. As long, therefore, as the question of peace or war remains unsettled, the probability seems to be that markets will remain in the state they are in at present—that is, with a permanent tendency upwards, but liable to be frightened into a semi-panic by any untoward event. Putting the chances of war out of account, the influences permanently acting upon the stock markets are unquestionably favourable. There is the great fact that trade has decidedly revived in the United States, and promises to improve still more rapidly this year. Trade is likewise recovering at home and upon the Continent. If, therefore, war could be avoided in any way, there is no doubt now entertained that trade improvement is going on. With trade improvement all industrial enterprise would improve, and, therefore, there would be a good reason for a rise of prices in all industrial securities. Again, it is to be borne in mind that for a long time past wealth has grown more rapidly than new securities. The United States and this country have both been reducing their debts, while there has been no great issue of debt by any first-class Government. Railway-building, again, has practically come to an end in Europe, and consequently there has been no issue of railway shares or railway debentures upon a very great scale. And newer industrial enterprises are so small as yet that they have not materially added to the supply of good securities. It is only in the United States that securities are being created on a very large scale. In the meantime, however, wealth is being accumulated all over the world, and with accumulating wealth the demand for securities increases. This of itself tends to raise prices. And when it is added that trade is improving, there can be no reasonable doubt that prices will continue to rise if peace is maintained. On the other hand, if war breaks out it is inevitable that there must be a great fall. Russia by a great war would be almost inevitably rendered bankrupt, and a repudiation by Russia would inflict terrible losses, not only upon the Russian people, but upon German and other investors. Then, again, the outbreak of a great war would not improbably cause a panic upon the Berlin Bourse, and possibly also upon that of Paris. Lastly, it is to be recollected that, were a great war to break out, the Governments engaged in it would be obliged to issue very large

loans. If the war lasted long, other loans would be issued in quick succession; the national debts of Europe would increase enormously, and thus one of the great causes tending to raise prices would be stopped; the supply of securities would be immensely augmented all at once; while the growth of wealth would be checked. Wealth, of course, would continue to grow in the countries that avoided war, and also in the countries which themselves were not made the theatre of war, and which had not too large a proportion of their male population in the field; but along with this growth of wealth there would also be a great destruction of wealth. At the very time, therefore, in which securities were being most rapidly manufactured, there would be a great check to the growth of wealth. There must inevitably, therefore, be a fall in prices; and, as we said, if the war were protracted the fall might be considerable, and the recovery would be long delayed. There might be an exception in favour of American railroad securities. Even in them there would be a fall at first, but probably they would recover quickly—first, because a great war in Europe would increase the demand for American produce; secondly, because there would be a tendency to send capital out of the belligerent countries to the neutral countries for safe keeping and for investment; and, thirdly, because the population and wealth of the United States themselves are growing so rapidly that the home demand for securities is vast, while American investors rarely invest their money in the securities of foreign Governments, and they would not be likely to be tempted at a time when those foreign Governments were exhausting their resources and ruining their prospects in a terrible war.

HEARTSEASE AT THE OLYMPIC.

WHEN it is understood that Miss Grace Hawthorne revived Mr. James Mortimer's translation of Alexandre Dumas's celebrated but disagreeable play *La Dame aux Camélias* only to play the heroine, Marguerite Gauthier, at least once in London, and not with a view to producing it for a "run," much excuse can be found for her so doing, since the part is admirably suited for the display of her varied art. This young lady has come to us without the usual preliminary "puffs," and from the night when she appeared in the graceful and sympathetic part of Virginia she has risen steadily in public appreciation as an artist of exceptional talent. On Wednesday afternoon last she appeared as *la Dame aux Camélias* at the Olympic Theatre, and proved herself one of the best actresses that America has sent us in many years. It is a curious fact that Miss Hawthorne's conception of the part of Marguerite follows closely that of Mme. Doche, who created the part now nearly forty years ago, and whom certainly Miss Hawthorne has never been able to see. The natural sweetness and grace of Marguerite are depicted by Miss Hawthorne with a charm difficult to overestimate. Her enforced gaiety in the first act, her kindness to her servants, her invariable courtesy to all, are touches that go far to build up a character which but for them would be shocking. In the scene of the third act with Armand Duval the father—a part, by the way, not very well acted by Mr. Bassett Roe—Miss Grace Hawthorne exhibited genuine pathos, and deeply affected her audience. In the fourth act, when Armand Duval, ignorant of the immense sacrifice his mistress has made for him, denounces her, Miss Hawthorne rose to the situation in a manner which placed her amongst the foremost actresses of the day. Her unexaggerated exhibition of almost abject horror at the terrible situation in which she is placed, her feverish struggle to go through the cruel task she has imposed upon herself, her tears, and her agony were all portrayed with a skill and a fidelity to nature of late but too rarely witnessed upon the stage. And, finally, the death-scene was given in a very delicate and natural manner, yet without the faintest trace of any undue attempt to be too realistic. Miss Hawthorne is young, and has still much to learn in her art, notably the modulation of her musical voice, which she sometimes too suddenly lowers to a deep and even harsh key. Again, she occasionally exhibits a slight tendency to over-act and gesticulate. But these defects will doubtless disappear in time. Of her support on Wednesday the least said is the better.

REVIEWS.

SYRIAN STONE LORE.*

IN this work Captain Conder, and through him the Society for which he has been the longest and the most successful explorer, takes new and much higher ground. He is no longer, as in *Tent Work in Palestine*, the surveyor executing a map and sketching the ruins and looking for ancient sites; or, as in *Heth and Moab*, searching for a site by the help of Egyptian records, and adding a new chapter to the history of rude stone monuments. In *Syrian Stone Lore* he collects all the information on Syria

and its history which has been brought to light from all sources, apart from Hebrew literature, and writes of the country as if the Bible did not exist. Most of the writers on these lands seem never to have heard of modern criticism and research into the antiquities of the East; one is constantly meeting with articles and papers written in entire ignorance of the Transactions and publications of the Palestine Exploration Fund, the Society of Biblical Archaeology, or any of the works on which Captain Conder has been engaged. Again, it seems impossible for most writers on Syria to take their eyes off those periods covered by the historical books of the Old Testament. For them David and Solomon extend through all the ages. But there was a Syria before David and another after Nehemiah; the events of the four or five centuries between these two leaders are, so to speak, only an episode in the long and eventful history of this remarkable country. The Germans have reproached English Egyptologists with their inability to forget Joseph; a similar reproach might be made towards all writers and travellers on Palestine from Robinson downwards, except Captain Conder himself. To him is due at least the praise of observing a due proportion in history; he does not diminish the importance of the Hebrews, but he does not forget the Canaanites who held the country before them, or the Byzantine rulers who followed them.

This book is, in fact, a history of the Hebrew lands such as we can construct without reference to Hebrew literature. In order to accomplish this object, the author has had to consult not only his own memoirs of the Survey, which are in themselves voluminous, but all the latest writers on Phœnicia, Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, and Arabia, including the works of Brugsch, Renouf, Chabas, Mariette, Fergusson, George Smith, Boscawen, Sayce, Lenormant, Perrot and Chipiez, Neubauer, Wright, Juynboll, Ginsburg, Tobler, Renan, Rey, Muir, Baring Gould, Robertson Smith, Hughes, Rhys Davids—a truly miscellaneous list of authors. It might be thought that a work covering so great an area both of time and of subject would prove dull. This, however, is not the case. A more singularly interesting book has not recently been written. Its charm consists not so much in the style as in the continually new and unexpected aspects of things which seemed long since settled and certain. Thus, it has always been supposed by ordinary men that the Israelites alone among the nations round them were worshippers of Jehovah, whose very name was a secret. Conder shows that, so far from this being the case, Jehovah, whose name was perfectly well known, was worshipped in Assyria, in Phœnicia, among the Hittites, by Balaam from the Euphrates, and the various Semitic races of Western Asia; and, though the worship of Ashtoreth, Baal, Melkarth, and other deities was continued in those countries at the same time, the Unity of the Godhead was early recognized. Again, the similarities of ritual between Phœnician and Jewish forms of worship have never before, we think, been brought out. In both there was a sacred ark or ship; the figures of the cherubim are represented on Phœnician gems; the great bronze laver of Solomon's Temple is illustrated by the great basin of limestone, six feet high and nine feet in diameter, found at Amathus, and now in the Louvre; the ornamentation covering the walls of Solomon's Temple may be compared with the patterns on contemporary Phœnician bowls; sacred dances were common both to Phœnicia and to Judæa; in fact, they still exist in the country, and may be seen by those who are fortunate enough to light upon them. Again, there is nothing more strongly rooted in the popular mind than the belief that the Ten Tribes are lost, yet Captain Conder shows that the belief rests on no historical basis whatever, and gives a most remarkable note on the various traditions and legends connected with them—omitting, however, the curious legend of the River Sambatiyyeh. And if there are any who still believe in Charles Kingsley's picture of Christianity of the fourth century, Captain Conder's account of that period in Syria will prove instructive to those people.

It has been contended by some of the German critics that the country ruled over by the kings of Israel and Judah was, at the best, poor and barbarous. There are, however, three monuments of recent discovery which distinctly prove the contrary. The Moabite Stone shows that the Moabite people built fortresses, palaces, towers, and bridges; and that they could write. Is it likely that the kings of Samaria and Jerusalem should have ruled, in their own country, over a people less advanced than the subjects of King Mesha in wealth, power, and knowledge? Again, Sennacherib records in his own account of the siege of Jerusalem that Hezekiah sent him a tribute of thirty talents of gold, eight hundred talents of silver, precious stones, a chain of ivory, elephants' hides, elephants' tusks, rare woods, eunuchs, singing men, and singing women. Therefore, it is fair to suppose, the kings of Jerusalem traded with Egypt, were rich enough to buy all kinds of precious things, cultivated music, and had considerable trains of slaves. The Siloam inscription, also, of an immense epigraphic and philological importance, proves by the forms of its letters, and their differences from the Phœnician and Moabite forms, how long the people must have possessed the art of writing. For the arguments by which Captain Conder seeks to establish the antiquity of the Pentateuch the reader must be referred to the work. They are new, startling, and wholly derived from those external discoveries which belong to the last fifteen years. As for the much-vexed question of the Jewish belief in immortality, the author recommends a comparative study of the Book of Isaiah with the Babylonian tablets:—

The name Sheol is said to be the Assyrian *Suulu*, and Sheol was regarded by Hebrews and Akkadians alike as a subterranean region

* *Syrian Stone Lore; or, the Monumental History of Palestine.* By Claude Reignier Conder, R.E., Author of "Tent Work in Palestine," "Heth and Moab," &c. Published for the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1886.

(Isa. xiv. 9) filled with ghosts (*Rephaim*), and ruled by Death himself (Ps. xlix. 14). A study of the Hebrew tombs leads us to the conclusion that no return to earthly life in the original body formed any part of the Hebrew expectation; and this we also gather from the statements of the later Jewish writers; The Talmudic literature contains no such conception, but speaks of a general resurrection, when the souls of the dead shall enter new bodies springing from the earth, and growing from the incorruptible bone Luz (the Os Coccygis) of the old skeleton, the earth having been previously fertilized by a marvellous rain of manna.

The following is Captain Conder's own summary of what we should know concerning the Hebrews had the Bible never been written at all:—

1st. The Hebrews were a people of common stock with the Semitic inhabitants of Mesopotamia, but separating from them at an early historic period.

2nd. They worshipped Jehovah at least as early as 900 B.C., and probably much earlier.

3rd. They possessed the art of monumental writing, and an alphabet of common origin with that of Phœnicia and Moab some centuries before 700 B.C., and possibly as early as 1500 B.C.

4th. They were pastoral agriculturists, craftsmen, and traders. They possessed horses and chariots, flocks and herds, fenced cities and villages.

5th. The Hebrew monarchs were attended by slaves and musicians, made use of ivory thrones, and had treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones, precious woods, and other articles of foreign origin. They defied at times even the Assyrian kings, and allied themselves with Egyptians and Babylonians.

6th. The Hebrews had a non-Assyrian calendar, and thus probably some knowledge of astronomy.

7th. It is probable that Hebrew literature was preserved in records written on papyrus and leather, but the knowledge of writing seems to have been confined to the scribes, and it was not extensively employed for sepulchral or other monumental purposes.

8th. In civilization there is every reason to suppose the Hebrews equalled their immediate neighbours, the Phœnicians, although perhaps not attaining to the condition of the Egyptians.

9th. They buried their dead in rocky tombs without embalming, and there is no monumental evidence that they expected any resurrection of the mortal body so buried.

10th. Their art seems rather to have approached that of the early Babylonian age, their buildings being adorned with metals and woods, while there is no evidence of the general cultivation of sculpture among them.

The value of these results, as Captain Conder points out, lies chiefly in their refutation of the destructive school. It should be noted that these conclusions are in perfect accord with the picture of Hebrew society which may be drawn from the Books of Kings.

We must pass over a chapter on Jews and Samaritans, and that on the Greek age. That on the age of Herod is, as might be expected, one to which a great deal of attention and work has been given. The connexion of the Essenes with the Therapeutæ, with the early Gnostics, and with Buddhism, is suggestive, though it may be disputed; but the most valuable portion of the chapter is that which invites us to read in the plan and arrangements of the Temple of Siah those of Herod's Temple:—

The temple at Siah is of the greatest importance to a study of the Jerusalem sanctuary. This building is distant about a mile or more from Kanawât, and preserves in its inscriptions the name of Herod and of Herod Agrippa. It was dedicated to Baal Samin ("the Lord of heaven"), and the altar is still *in situ* at the foot of the stairs as at Jerusalem. The lions' heads, gazelles, and horses shown in its sculpture indicate the pagan origin of this temple, but it must not be forgotten that Herod attempted to adorn his Jerusalem Temple with a golden eagle. The drawings of De Vogüé give us a very clear idea of the Siah temple.

The naos itself was about 60 feet square, with a gateway in front, round the jambs and lintel of which the vine is carved in relief. Six pillars stood before the gate in a recessed porch, and steps led from the inner floor to the courtyard on the level of the base of the podium. In front was a courtyard paved, and having a single cloister round the three sides formed by a row of pillars and an outer wall, the latter continued behind the nave to form a court without cloister at the back. The pillars have bases ornamented with acanthus leaves, and in outline not unlike the capital in the Jerusalem Temple already noticed. The capital in one case approaches the Corinthian, with a small bust between the volutes. In another the capital is more like the Ionic, with a large bust above the plinth representing a Hercules or Dionysus. The eagle is sculptured on the under side of the epistylia once placed above the gate. The walls of the temple are only standing *in situ* to the height of two or three courses, but in plan and in architectural details the ruin illustrates in a remarkable manner the descriptions extant of the Jerusalem sanctuary. The vine round the doorway of the latter seems, however, to have been of gold or gilded, and bunches given as offerings by individual priests are said to have been added from time to time.

To the Roman age belong, among other things, the synagogues of Galilee, remains of which still exist; one or two are tolerably perfect. All of them have been planned and sketched by Sir Charles Wilson first, and afterwards by Captain Conder and Colonel Kitchener:—

The synagogues of Galilee are attributed by mediæval Jewish pilgrims to the famous Cabbalist Simeon Bar-Jochai of the second century (about 135 A.D.) It was in his name that the Book Zohar was forged in the thirteenth century, but none of his writings are known to exist. It is not, however, at all impossible that the tradition may be correct. The tomb of this Rabbi is still annually visited by the Jews at Meirûn in Upper Galilee, and architects agree in supposing the Galilean synagogues to date from the second century A.D. The Jews, in fact, like all other subjects of Rome during the Antonine age, enjoyed the peace, wealth, and prosperity secured by strong government in Syria.

The synagogues are oblong buildings divided into walks by rows of pillars, and generally running north and south. They do not seem to be specially oriented, nor are they turned towards Jerusalem. Indeed, save in the instance of Irbid, the doors are always on the south, so that the congregation turned their backs on the Holy City. The north side of any house was considered unlucky by the Jews, which may account for this arrangement. The double semi-pillars found commonly at one end of the building recall those which we have already noticed in Phœnicia. They

have been thought to be intended to support the gallery for the women, which must probably have existed in the synagogues. The style of the synagogue architecture is very like that of the Roman temples of the same age. The lion, the ram, the hare are carved on the lintels of the synagogue doors—a curious deviation from the law of Moses.

The worst period in the history of Syria, worse than the Turkish rule, worse than the Crusaders, was the Byzantine Age. Syria is still full of Byzantine ruins; the country was crowded with priests, bishops, monks, anchorites, and nuns; it attracted crowds of pilgrims; Jews and Gnostics practised every form of magic and Cabbalistic imposture. As for the rites of the Byzantine Church, they have remained unchanged to the present day; the clergy are still, as then, chosen from illiterate peasants; they are often now, as then, vicious and corrupt. In the fourth and fifth centuries Syria was the home of a hundred sects and as many heresies; the wonders shown to the pilgrims daily increased; the miracles were multiplied. Among the Jews the "Gemara" was completed during this period; in this work the growth of superstition and the influence of Persia and India can be traced:—

The story of the Shamir, or worm which cut the Temple stones, famous in the Middle Ages, is one of the legends of the Babylonian Talmud. The demon who knows the secret of its capture is Ashmedai, or Asmodeus, evidently the Persian Aeshma Dæva, "the raging fiend" of the Zendavesta. We have here an indication of Persian influence on the Babylonian Jews, at a time when the Mazdean creed was the established faith in Babylonia. In the same way the "Bereshith Rabbah" contains in a mutilated form the beautiful Persian legend of the fate of the soul after death, when, seated on the gravestone, it awaits the good or evil angel produced by its own thought, word, and deed. The superstition as to nail-parings mentioned in the Babylonian Talmud seems also connected with that recorded in the Zendavesta. Treading on a nail-paring was treading on dead matter, which defiled the living. To the present day Jewish women hide the nail-parings. The Esthonians believed that nail-parings, if not blessed, formed the visor of the devil's helmet, and in the Edda we read of a ship with demon crew sailing earthwards in the last day, and built entirely of dead men's nails.

The demons of the Talmud are the same in which the Akkadians and the Babylonians believed, as well as the Mendaïtes, or heretical Christians of Mesopotamia. Thus Lil ("the night") and his consort Lilith are common to Jews, Babylonians, and Mendaïtes; and the name Lil, as we have seen, occurs on the magic bowls from Babylon. The references to innumerable demons in the Talmud show how large a part their existence occupied in Jewish belief, and prepare us for the statements of Christian writers concerning the necromancy and astrology of the Jews in the Byzantine age. Witches, ghosts, the evil eye, astrology, the distinction of various kinds of fire (as among Persians), are frequently mentioned in the Babylonian Talmud; and even the superstition about sleeping north and south may be traced to the same source.

The book carries on the history of the country to the Arab Conquest and the Crusaders. As regards the former, it seems to have arrived opportunely to clear the land for a time of the Christian fanatics and fakirs. And it enriched the country with perhaps the most beautiful building which the world possesses—the famous Kubbet es Sakhra of Jerusalem, which is now acknowledged, despite the long ascendancy of the Fergussonian heresy, to have been built by Abd el Melek with the assistance of Byzantine architects. It is remarkable that at the very time when these sheets must have been going through the press, the Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society should have issued Mr. Guy le Strange's translation of *El Mukaddasi*, a work which, in one point at least, most singularly corroborates Captain Conder's position. We have no space to refer to the last chapter, which contains an admirable description of Crusading life and manners. The book, in short, is one which may have to be modified in parts as the reading of the ancient records progresses; but its broad lines will remain unaltered.

SOME NOVELS.*

LOVE and LIKING is one of those novels of which it is difficult to say whether the conception or the execution is the feeblér. The plot, if plot it can be called, is the hackneyed one of a young woman—we fear, judging from her language, we cannot say young lady—who thinks she loves one man until she meets another, whom she immediately falls in love with, and eventually marries, after the usual misunderstanding arising from a spray of forget-me-not. Major Tyler, the villain of the story, is of the type so common in circulating-library novels; he commits bigamy, deserts his victim, and when his wife dies marries a middle-aged maiden lady in the hope that he will thereby obtain her father's property; but is frustrated by the reappearance of his victim, who threatens to prosecute him for bigamy. The people in this novel are all singularly uninteresting and unpleasant, and there is not one lady, who can be properly so called, amongst them. In their conversation they apparently struggle to outvie one another in offence and impertinence. On the whole, perhaps, the hero and heroine carry off the palm in this contest. On the occasion of their introduction to one another the following dialogue takes place:—"Judy [the heroine] . . . lifted the child from the ground. 'My name is Judy,' she said, accompanying the information with a perfect shower of kisses. 'Oh! stop, please;

* *Love and Liking*. By M. E. White, Author of "Tit for Tat" &c. 3 vols. London: White & Co.

Till My Wedding Day. By a French Lady. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Fifine. By Alfred T. Story. 2 vols. London: George Redway.

Wedded Hands. By the Author of "Madam's Ward" &c. London: William Stevens.

what prodigal waste! There'll be none for anybody else,' cried a strange voice" (that of Lord Le Pole, the hero). The heroine's comment on seeing somebody making love to the villain is, "By Jove, she's bit!" As seems to be necessary in a three-volume novel of the present day, a contested election is introduced; but we must be grateful to the author for having spared us that now favourite but tiresome method of padding a story, by inserting the political speeches of the candidates. Here is another specimen of the dialogue:—"Just fix your eye on the point of a mast in a dead calm, and you will see it describing swaying gyrations in mid-air against the blue ethereal." The author's own language is not one whit better than the dialogue. A professional beauty's eye is described as "filmy"—an attribute we should have thought fatal to beauty. The author, as generally happens in such cases, not having mastered the English language, appears to think that smart writing can be attained by interlarding sentences with French words, many of which are used with an entire disregard to their meaning. To give an example—"Well," said the magnificent Catty, resuming her horizontal position, and speaking with a light temerity that had in it the naïveté of the ingénue and the haut goût of the coquette."

The scene of *Till My Wedding Day* is laid in France just prior to the Franco-Prussian War, and apparently the book is written with the purpose of showing the disadvantages attending the French custom of betrothing girls when mere children. The story purports to be the history of three girls, Anidas de Kervallon, Nohémie d'Effée, and Claire Delmarque, written by Claire herself. Anidas is betrothed to a Comte de Beaulieu, who is considerably older than she is, and deeply in love with her, whilst she is in love with a Vicomte de Marmont, to whom Nohémie is betrothed, whereas the affections of the latter are given to the Vicomte's brother Ernest. Claire is not betrothed to any one, but loves Ernest, who amuses himself by pretending to be her lover. This state of affairs, as may be supposed, gives the author a fine opening for dramatic situations, of which she fully avails herself. Although this novel is powerfully written and the plot is well worked out, yet we cannot but think that the author has dealt with her subject in a very morbid fashion. One of the most telling portions of this book is where the author describes the petty slights and insults to which Claire, the daughter of a shipbuilder, is subjected at a school of which all the other members are "aristocrats," because of her father's connexion with trade; and not only do we find schoolgirls behaving thus, but even Nohémie's mother is ashamed of introducing Claire to her guests without calling her by the name of her mother, who was an "aristocrat." If this story is in substance a true representation of the condition of society under the Empire, there can be but little wonder that its fall was so sudden and complete. Incidentally the author shows very well the inconveniences and friction that arise from a marriage between a Protestant and a Roman Catholic, even in a family the members of which are devoted to one another. The author's style is very French, but not unpleasant; her descriptions of scenery are good; her characters are consistent and well drawn, even though in many cases not estimable; at the same time, when she chooses she can portray a gentleman in the true sense of the word, as we see in M. Delmarque. The story would have moved better if it had been written in one volume with the moralizings of Claire omitted. Altogether this novel is more interesting and better written than most; but it is a pity that the author should have adopted so unhealthy a tone.

It is unfortunate when an author has a good tale to tell, and in most respects knows how to tell it, that he should spoil it by writing in what he wrongly considers to be a humorous manner; that is what Mr. Story has done in *Fifine*. His idea of humour seems to consist in carefully eschewing the use of plain words to express simple ideas. Of this fault we give an example selected at random, and in describing a Professor's head the author says:—"The partly bald front had a protuberance almost Socratic. It was as though the palpitating convolutions of thought had succeeded in protruding the external carapace." Again, "The Doctor looked at Claus for a moment with wide eyes and with his hand to the cranial boss of thought." He calls a doctor "a disciple of Æsculapius." If it were not for this very irritating habit of the author, which unfortunately he also makes his characters adopt in their conversation, *Fifine* would be a good novel. The Herr Professor is charming; a learned man with the simplicity of a child, whose active philanthropy and sympathy with his fellow-men of all classes have not been crushed by his hard struggle with poverty. *Fifine* herself is saved by the Professor when almost dead from want and exposure, she having secretly married a singer, and been cast off by her parents. Soon after her marriage her husband turns out to be a drunken scoundrel, who ill-treats her shamefully, until she runs away from him, and makes her way to Germany, in order to take refuge with an aunt, whom, however, she is unable to find. It is at this point that the story opens, when *Fifine* becomes a member of the Professor's family. The account of the various families that live in the same house with the Professor, and the shifts that he and his wife are put to in order to find food for themselves, *Fifine*, and another girl whom they have adopted, is most amusing. Soon after *Fifine's* arrival her husband reappears, and begins to persecute her; but she is saved by a clever stratagem of the Professor's, one that we do not remember having previously come across in a novel. It would not be fair to spoil the interest of this story by even hinting how *Fifine* is relieved from her husband, and how all ends happily. If the author

will only change his style and be content to use plain language, he bids fair to be successful in writing novels.

Of *Wedded Hands* there is not much to be said. It is of the ordinary type of the shilling and two-shilling sensational novel. The first scene is as usual laid in a railway carriage, where the hero and heroine meet for the first time, and of course any person who has previously read one of this class of novels at once knows that they will marry. There are introduced the invariable wicked baronet and a trial for murder, without which apparently a novel of this nature would not be complete; but we must do the author the credit to say that his account of this trial is better than those we generally meet with, for the very good reason that the author does not attempt to give it *in extenso*. The wicked baronet steps in between the hero and heroine after their marriage, and is afterwards murdered; the hero is accused and convicted of the murder; but a brother of one of the baronet's former victims confesses to the murder, and so the hero is saved. After this the hero and heroine are nearly drowned together, become reconciled, and live happily ever after. On the whole, perhaps, this novel is better written than most of its kind.

THREE ORIENTAL BOOKS.*

THE learned Society, whatever be its denomination, whose members dedicate their labours to the comparative study of proverbs and parables, is fast acquiring the wherewithal for the compilation of its statistics. "The genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs," wrote Bacon a couple of centuries ago; but the nineteenth century tries to extract something more even than the "genius, wit, and spirit" from a nation's proverbs, holding that we have sure tokens in them that may enable us to gauge the history of the social and moral development of the people, and learn, perchance, how much or how little the State religion affects the popular mind; and how much still remains vital as leaven in the mass of prehistoric beliefs that no law-giver can change, and that even a revealed religion will only modify to a very moderate degree. Mr. Gray's collection of ancient Burmese proverbs and maxims, could it be thoroughly analysed, and each component part rightly referred to its proper source, would afford us an ample commentary on the very meagre history of the Burmese. The Niti literature of Burmah, of which four specimen treatises are translated in the work that lies before us, comprises works mainly of a didactic character, and the lesson is inculcated by means of maxims, pithy sayings, and "moral" tales. The groundwork of these anthological collections is found in the ancient Sanscrit and Brahmanic "Beast-fable" lore of India, which the Buddhists knew how to employ, with slight modification to suit the exigencies of their own order of ideas. Driven from their native home by the vicissitudes of war during the times of the great struggle that went on for so long in India between Brahman and Buddhist, these Niti treatises, added to and emended so as to be still in consonance with Buddhist belief, and with their original Hinduic ideas wherever possible replaced by others more congenially orthodox, have made for themselves a home in Burmah, and are met with there written both in Sanscritized Burmese and also in Pali. The characteristics of the treatises here translated may best be given by quoting a passage from Mr. Gray's short preface:—

The *Lokaniti* and *Dhammaniti* embrace a miscellaneous collection of subjects, and serve as suitable handbooks for the general reader for the study of prudential rules and principles of morality. The former is taught in almost every Monastic school in Burma. . . . That a work of this kind should have charms for the Buddhist is not to be wondered at. He firmly believes that his future happiness depends upon his behaviour in his present life, and relies on practical deeds rather than on the faith which his religion demands; and nothing could be more suitable to his wants than a kind of literature which lays down for him in pithy stanzas, and often in metaphorical language, a number of simply-worded Apophthegms which are to shape his career in this world, and fit him for a better sphere of existence when he leaves it.

A couple of short quotations, which are taken almost at random from the *Dhammaniti*, may afford some idea of the general style of Mr. Gray's translation; our space forbids more, and proverbial philosophy is tedious to quote:—

332. Life is the means of bliss; . . .

352. A king is not satisfied with his wealth, a wise man with well-uttered discourse, the eye in seeing a lover, the ocean with its water.

From water-logged Burmah we pass to the high lands of the Happy Valley of Kashmir. Mr. Hinton-Knowles is missionary to the Kashmiris, and his collection of proverbs is not a translation of any book or books—for Kashmiri literature is conspicuous in its absence of written works—but is the sum of what he has taken down from the mouths of the people during the long winters of his sojourn among them. "They have been gathered from various sources," he says; "sometimes the great

* *Ancient Proverbs and Maxims, from Burmese Sources; or, the Niti Literature of Burma.* By James Gray. London: Trübner & Co. 1886.

A *Dictionary of Kashmiri Proverbs and Sayings.* By the Rev. J. Hinton-Knowles, F.R.G.S., &c., Missionary to the Kashmiris. London: Trübner & Co.

A *Practical Elementary Turkish Grammar.* By C. J. Tarring, M.A., Assistant-Judge of H.B.M. Supreme Consular Court for the Levant. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

and learned Pundit instinctively uttered a proverb in my presence; sometimes I got the barber to tell me a thing or two as he polled my head; and sometimes the poor coolie said something worth knowing, as carrying my load he tramped along before me." Remembering how little we really know of the Kashmiri language, and also how crude and contradictory are the accounts given by travellers of the manners and customs of this curious people, the storehouse of facts here provided is one for which philologists and folk-loreists will have every reason to be grateful. Mr. Hinton-Knowles gives each proverb first in Kashmiri transliterated into the Roman character (for the inhabitants of the Happy Valley have no alphabet of their own, and have had to adapt to their language as best they could, either the modified Arabic script of Persia, or the mongrel-Devanāgarī which has come up to them from the Plains), and then gives a translation into English with elucidatory notes. These notes are really the main part of the work; for, without the commentary supplied by the missionary's "little council of learned Muhammadan and Hindū Kashmiri friends," the Western reader would often be none the wiser for the fact that the proverb is before him literally rendered into very plain English. Some, however, are clear enough. Any one can see the point of the common Kashmiri curse, "May your eyes be opened to see nothing!" but why "Your doorstep is not straight" is taken to mean that "there is something wrong with the wife" would require for explanation the quotation of the edifying tale given on p. 39, to which we must refer our readers, as it is too long to be inserted here. As of possible practical utility to the British housewife, however, we venture to quote the commentary on the proverb

It does not matter whether the tea is less or more, but it must be hot.

Two kinds of tea and two ways of preparing it are met with in the Valley. There is the *Surati chai*, something like our English tea, which is imported from the Panjāb and Ladak; and the *Subz chai*, the celebrated brick-tea, which reaches Kashmir via Ladak. The first way of preparation is called the Mughal method, *Mughal chai*. Here is the receipt:—For every *tola*, or rupee's weight, of tea in the pot put five cups of cold water; boil for half an hour; then add more cold water, together with sugar and condiments, and allow to boil for another half an hour. Then add milk, stir well, and serve round hot to the guests *ad libitum*. The second *modus preparandi* is called *Shiri chai*, of which this is the recipe:—Place the required quantity in the teapot, together with a little soda and cold water, and boil for half an hour. Then add milk, salt, and butter, and allow to boil for another half an hour, when it is ready for drinking.

Mr. Hinton-Knowles might as well have remarked that *Subz chai* means green tea in Persian, and that *Shiri chai* is tea *au lait*. Also, it would have been interesting to know which of the two recipes for tea-making he used to prefer for his personal use. *Shiri chai*, as described above, is the favourite beverage of the Turkomans, and, in fact, is common all over Central Asia. As a matter of taste we may be allowed to remark that, having had to drink much of it and appear gratified, we consider it perhaps the most nauseating liquid anywhere prepared and dispensed with hospitable intent.

The few lines remaining may be devoted to a brief notice of a useful little grammar and exercise-book of the Turkish language that has lately been prepared by Mr. Tarring. Being merely intended for beginners, and, above all, to instruct those who require the rudiments of the colloquial language, Mr. Tarring has perhaps done well to eschew the Oriental character. It is needless, however, to cumber his pages with *dash* for the consonant sound in "edge," when our English *j* would serve the purpose, with the further advantage of being a single letter. It is a pity, too, that Mr. Tarring did not give his "Selection of Short Tales" in the native character, for really his method of transliteration when printed in bulk is most puzzling, and conveys but poorly the colloquial pronunciation. The modified Arabic alphabet, with all its imperfections, can at least be read, and will be properly pronounced, by any Stambouli, but who will the learner get to read to him this Romanized Turkish? Sooner or later the native character must be mastered, even though the Turks do not write as they speak, or pronounce what they have written any more than do the English.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CHAPLAIN IN THE ROYAL NAVY.*

WILLIAM GUISE TUCKER was born in 1812 at Moreton Hampstead, in Devonshire; took his degree at Cambridge; was ordained in 1835; and entered the Royal Navy after serving for a few months as a curate. He was appointed first to the *Minden*, then in succession to the *Hastings*, the *Revenge*, and the *Indus*. After eight years' service afloat, he obtained the chaplaincy of the Dockyard and Naval Hospital at Malta. He spent two years in Canada, working for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; and then obtained the chaplaincy of Haslar Hospital, which he held for nearly thirteen years. In 1865 he was made Head of the Naval Chaplains, and given spiritual charge of Greenwich Hospital, "at that time the national asylum for aged men-of-war's men and marines." He retired from the naval service in 1872, and accepted the living of Ramsey, in Essex; but his health failed, and he had to seek a warmer climate, first in Italy, and then in the south of Devon. He died at Torquay last year. The book, which gives what Americans

call his "record," is made up of extracts from diaries kept when afloat, a few selections from sermons and printed pamphlets, and connecting remarks in a strain of eulogy always sincere, but sometimes ridiculous. Mr. Tucker's only experience of warlike operations was in 1840, on the coast of Syria, when he was chaplain on board the ship which attacked the forts of Djouni and Jebel. The account of these transactions contains nothing new, and the incidents which "our chaplain," as he is always called, saw with his own eyes are not described with any special vividness. He praises Admiral Stopford for shining forth "in the midst of carnage and disease as an able but most benevolent Christian officer," and reminds us (as the late Sir John Bowring was in the habit of doing) that Mohammed Ali showed himself through the contest the friend of England by various acts of kindness, among which was prominent that of passing safely through his dominions all Indian letters intended for Great Britain or the fleet. There are journals of tours to the Seven Churches of Asia, to Beyroot and Damascus. Mr. Tucker appears to have made the most of his short period of leave, and to have sought interviews with Greek bishops and patriarchs, and tried to make them comprehend the position of our Church in relation to theirs. This is now done by every clergyman who takes a Cook's ticket for the Holy Land; but in 1841 it was not common, and the Patriarch of Antioch assured Mr. Tucker that he was the first English clergyman who had ever explained to him the claims and character of his Church.

The most valuable of the "Recollections," however, relate to the progress of religious life on shipboard. They show what uphill work a conscientious chaplain had in trying to do his duty under the system then in vogue in the navy. The Holy Communion was rarely administered. Confirmations were unknown. It was a difficult matter to obtain a place wherein the chaplain could assemble the men for instruction, and permission from the surgeon was necessary before he visited the sick. What was the provision made for supplying the sailors with good reading may be judged from the fact that no tracts or religious books were received on board men-of-war except those sanctioned by the Senior Chaplain, and "it often happened that the few religious books supplied by the Admiralty were kept carefully nailed up as purser's stores in the hold of the vessels, so as to be returned into store after the three years' voyage in good condition for reissue to another ship." Mr. Tucker's painful experience of these and similar hindrances to the practical work of chaplains fitted him when he became head of the department to carry out many reforms. He was instrumental in obtaining the issue of a circular from the Admiralty enjoining commanders of ships to give facilities for the monthly celebration of Holy Communion. He caused the reports of commanders-in-chief from all stations concerning the chaplain's duties to be sent to him. He remodelled the catalogue of books issued in the libraries to all H.M.'s ships. He framed a system for supplying all ships not carrying chaplains with tracts and periodicals. He also compiled the Royal Naval Song Book which "was designed to impart to the decks of all H.M.'s ships melodious music combined with words of pure and noble sentiments." In the compilation of this useful work he had of course to get the leave of the original publishers to reprint their songs, and we are informed "that it was a sore disappointment to his ardent nature" that he was unable to induce the publishers of "God Bless the Prince of Wales" and "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" to allow those melodies to be included in the book. It is satisfactory to learn, however, that "still, notwithstanding these disappointments, the work was a great success and still continues to hold its own place"—a phrase of ominous theological significance which, we think, might be altered in a second edition. We should also recommend the excision of the florid description of Divine Service on board a man-of-war at p. 42. The sight, as everybody knows, is a simple and impressive one, but it is not simply or impressively described in the "Recollections":—

In answer to the tolling bell they come, with blue and easy garments, all so clean and fresh; contrasting with the close-fitting uniforms of their comrades the Royal Marines. All take their places in reverent and solemn order. Then come their officers of varying rank, and, last of all, the captain of the ship. All are assembled when the chaplain appears in his snowy surplice like an Angel of Light to tell the "Message of Love."

Everybody is liable to scribble foolish things in a private journal; but it is unkind to print a mild-drawn passage like the following after it has remained in manuscript over forty years. In the tour to the Seven Churches, on the way to Laodicea, the party to which "our chaplain" belonged had some trouble with their Syrian servant:—

The lateness with which we arrived at night invariably afforded an excuse to our tardy surrigger for delay in the hour of starting on the succeeding morning. Our patience on this occasion yielded so much to the influence of this man's dogged obstinacy and most perplexing *vis inertia* (sic) that we were all unanimously inclining towards the feeling that it would be necessary to inflict corporal punishment, when, fortunately for himself, he appeared ready at the critical moment to proceed on the journey.

In spite of the extent and softness of the padding introduced into this volume, the account of Mr. Tucker's work is instructive. He evidently loved his duties, and understood them. His success with sailors was owing to his constantly bearing in mind the fact that men on shore and on shipboard are made of the same material. Sailors resemble other people. They like those who like them, and are disposed to enjoy rational and cleanly amusements when they are on land, though if these are not provided they will

* *Recollections of a Chaplain in the Royal Navy.* (W. Guise Tucker.) London: Allen & Co. 1886.

take to silly and vicious ones. The position of a naval chaplain is a hard one, as his life is exposed daily to the scrutiny of his congregation, and he has little or no privacy. If he is recognized as a sensible and earnest man, however, he will generally find some officers who will help him, and he has varied and frequent opportunities of doing good. The stories which are still occasionally told in the ward-room relate, we hope and believe, to a state of things which has passed away. It would not be easy now to find the chaplain who had one stock sermon on drunkenness, which he preached Sunday after Sunday, saying "that he would give his congregation another when he saw any sign of their profiting by the first," or the captain who, when the clergyman was unpunctual at dinner, invariably said, "No chaplain, thank God." Many humanizing influences have been brought to bear on the mariners of England since the times described in Captain Marryat's novels. A few years ago an exhaustive Report on Church work in the navy was presented to Convocation, which gave valuable hints as to the ways in which chaplains might have increased facilities for reaching officers and men. These suggestions have borne fruit. Many things that seemed hopeless when Mr. Tucker entered the navy are now matters of daily practice afloat, and the Sailors' Homes and rest-houses make decency and morality comparatively easy to Jack when he goes ashore. The admirably-written memoirs of Commander Charles Parry show the stirrings of religious life amongst naval officers; and the "Recollections" of "Our Chaplain," though inferior in style and interest, exhibit a picture of conscientious years devoted to the fostering of that life. Such men have done much to remove the temptations and difficulties which in past years beset the career of a sailor.

NOTES ON THE INDIAN EMPIRE.*

SURPRISES and disappointments, to judge from the book before us, will constantly be felt by those Anglo-Indians and English philanthropists who have looked for the regeneration of India as the probable result of a mere English education. The author of this book is a Parsi gentleman who has had a post under the chiefs of Kattywar and the Gaikwar of Baroda, has travelled in Southern India, and for some years has been writing articles on Russian aggression, the armies of the native feudatories of the Crown, the political aptitude of Hindoos and Mahomedans, taxation and retrenchment, and all those important questions which form the staple of Anglo-Indian journalism. There is nothing disloyal or opprobrious in any of his chapters. There is a clear recognition of many of the substantial benefits conferred on his country by British rule. The Bengali Baboo is not quoted as a brilliant example, and the Anglo-Vernacular Press is described by such epithets as "abusive and rabid." Yet this compilation will disappoint Englishmen who imagine that because a native writes English fluently, and can moralize over the characters of English statesmen and calculate the chances of an English election, he must be held to have studied the real wants of the masses, and to be able to interpret faithfully the feelings of the artisan and the Ryot. Beyond a vague reference to the tenures of the Deccan, and the relations between the landlord, the middleman, and the Ryot, there is no indication that the author has attained to the knowledge of agriculture and revenue which distinguishes a junior Civilian who has passed the second standard. Of disquisitions about the Afghan Boundary, the Russian Bear, the annual migration of Government to the Hills, the annexation of Burmah, and the constitution of the Councils of the Viceroy and the Secretary of State, there is abundance. Of the operations of the Act for the Relief of the Ryots in the Deccan and the Bengali Tenancy Act there is not a word. The author certainly comforts his readers with the assurance that in point of revenue administration Bombay is far ahead of every part of India. But what we want to know from a native political journalist in the Bombay Presidency is, what the Deccan agriculturist, the Bheels of Khandish, or the Gonds of the Central Provinces think about the rule of the Magistrate and the Deputy Commissioner; whether they have a due sense of the present security of property and life; whether the Forest Laws press unduly on their ancient privileges; how far they appreciate roads, bridges, impartial tribunals, vernacular schools, and speedy redress; and if not, what can be done by this paternal and powerful Government to give them their fair rights. For all this very necessary information we shall still be sent for some time to come to the elaborate Reports of the Magistrate and Commissioner, aided probably by the knowledge of the itinerating missionary or the isolated English planter or merchant. For instance, the chapter on Russia and Sir Peter Lumsden's Boundary Commission is all very well. Some of it may be accurate in fact and not unsound in conclusion, though it may be rather hard on General Skobeleff to say that he deliberately intends to bring back the time of Tamerlane. But the proceedings of the Boundary Commission are now matter of history; and there is hardly a sentence in the chapter devoted to

Central Asia which bears any mark of originality or which has not been derived from some column of the English press. We may except one suggestion not hitherto entertained by the party of Lord Lytton or by that of Lord Lawrence—that nothing is left for the British but to occupy Afghanistan "in a firm and conciliatory manner." The same entire dependence on English statesmen and journalists appears in the chapters appropriated to what the writer considers indispensable reforms. We have quotations from the *Times*; extracts from the speeches of the Viceroy and the Governor of Bombay; the account by an irrepressible writer of an interview with Lord Randolph Churchill, who appeared "somewhat tanned, though in excellent health"; speculations as to whether Mr. Gladstone is not very aged, and whether, being over-tired, he has sought his own expulsion from office; a lenient judgment on the four years' Vice-royalty of Lord Ripon; and obituary notices of Sir Bartle Frere, Mr. Fawcett, and two or three natives of repute, official and unofficial, who in their several ways have really served the community well. Now all this sort of writing, of course, shows intelligence, power of mastering new facts, and an acquaintance with divers topics familiar to English readers. It is also evidence of that sentiment of gratitude which some writers have been so foolish as to assert that natives never can feel, inasmuch as they "have no equivalent for it in their own vernaculars." But how does all this enable us to get at the real state of native ideas and the truth of native wants? It is satisfactory to hear from a native that the late Mr. Fawcett never adopted the sentimental or shadowy advocacy of the Indian cause, and that he was "somewhat unlike writers like Mr. Seymour Keay or Mr. Wilfrid Blunt." But what we want from natives presumably acquainted with their fellow-countrymen is information on the practices of the guild, the prejudices of caste, the talk of the bazaar, and the practical condition of the village community, the Talukdar, and the cultivating proprietor. And we do not get it.

Here and there, it must be admitted, we do have glimpses of native life. No Political Resident, Agent, or Commissioner in charge of a petty State during the minority of its chief could draw a darker picture of Rajas, Ranees, and Nawabs, "who have been mainly instrumental in keeping fair kingdoms in a state of disgrace and disorganization." The author admits that he has personally known rulers who have had every possible educational advantage and who have turned out "luxurious tyrants" or "feeble nonentities." The evils of polygamy, too, are candidly acknowledged. As a set-off we have a favourable and not untruthful account of recent improvements at Baroda. Mr. W. W. Hunter, in his *Imperial Gazetteer*, has told us of defective drainage and deficient water in that city, and has stated generally that measures were being taken by the late Minister, Sir Madhava Rao, to remedy these serious defects. From the work before us we learn that the young Maharaja has employed an English engineer to make a large reservoir at a village some twelve miles east of the capital, where water will be collected as it flows down from the Powaghud Hills, and will thence be conducted by the River Surya (the Sun) to the centre of the city. The population, by the last Census, amounts to more than 100,000 souls, and the conservancy and lighting and sanitation, independent of the new reservoir, were to cost yearly some 17,000*l.* But it must never be forgotten that there is nothing original or indigenous about these and similar improvements. They are all borrowed from the English model. The very agency by which this native State is carried on in the departments of revenue, justice, public works, and education, is taken from the same source. There is, of course, "greater freedom" and less rigidity in the native State than even in a Non-regulation British Province. But everything is due to the weight and force of English example and, to a certain extent, to direct supervision and control.

We need not be unduly hard on a native gentleman who has managed to express his thoughts for years in a foreign language. But over some of his sentences it is almost impossible to preserve a judicial and critical gravity. Bob Acres himself would have been startled at such an oath as "the deuced demon of death." It is not very easy to see how a successful administrator can be like a "cargo barque traversing her own oceanic channel," or how he can be a "plunge-taker into any and every part of his lively dominions," unless we are to suppose that he is always visiting remote parts of his district or province and stirring up everything and everybody, like Sir Richard Temple on a tour. As a set-off against this style of writing we may note one pertinent remark. It is applied to Lord Dufferin and one of his graceful and statesman-like manifestoes. But the writer was obviously thinking of Lord Ripon. "We natives cannot expect to have the Viceroy all to ourselves. As he cannot outrage our own feelings, so he cannot outrage the feelings of the Ruling Race." But this is exactly what Lord Ripon managed to do. He outraged first the independent and non-official community by the Ilbert Bill, and next the District Officers, Magistrates, Deputy Commissioners, and so forth, by his ridiculous plan for excluding them all from any share in Municipal Government, under the amazing plea that work badly done by natives without English guidance would be preferable to work well done by a native Committee with an Englishman in the chair.

When we come to the practical remedies propounded by the author for evils whether arising out of defects in the Oriental character or out of what it is the fashion contemptuously to describe as an alien rule, it is scarcely possible to suppress a smile. The author admits that his own country has not yet produced a

* *Selections from my Recent Notes on the Indian Empire.* By Dinshah Ardesahir Taleyarkhan, late Secretary to the Association of the Chiefs of Kattywar, now Municipal Commissioner for His Highness the Gaikwar's Territories, Author of "Travels in Southern India," "The Baroda Revolution," "The British Policy, and Indian Famines," "Representation on Kattywar Affairs," "The Forces of the Native States," "Affairs in Afghanistan," "The Native Princes' Own Book," &c. Printed and published at the "Times of India" Steam Press. 1886.

"statesman fit to fight out his way as even a minor Governor or a Divisional Commissioner." He also allows that the majority of the people have neither capital nor much intelligence and genius, and they are not capable of much exertion. The very leaders of the people act on personal motives "without any valid excuse." There is no real patriotism or public spirit, and so on. But all will go on well if each province in India can have an Assembly of practical persons which is to meet every month and debate about the finances. It is added that the debates must be systematic and untiring, and so conducted that the competency of the debaters to become legislators and executive members of the Government shall become self-evident. Then these presidential and provincial Assemblies are to be fed by secondary Assemblies in the municipal towns; and these Assemblies, again, are to return members for district and city Municipalities, and for the Government Councils; an arrangement not quite in accordance with the established theories as to popular representation. The Council of the Viceroy is to have a large number of popular and nominated members, and there is besides to be a chief Indian Assembly at the seat of Government, which is to form a corresponding Assembly in London entitled to send some of its members to the Council of the Secretary of State at Westminster. India is also to be represented in Parliament, and the whole scheme, with its provisos, checks, privileges, proportions, protocols, and palaver, is to result in the "creation of at least 5,000 capable spokesmen for India to influence the institutions of self-government and the Executive Governments both here and in India." *Quorum hæc, &c.* India hitherto has been controlled, quickened, and improved by men of action, and not by talk. A widow who takes advantage of the Re-marriage Act; a needless restriction of caste set aside by the leaders of the community; a genuine expression of native opinion adverse to the retention of some demoralizing practice; liberality shown, not in marriage feasts and sacrificial suppers, but by donations at extraordinary crises of famine, or at ordinary times, by the endowment of a hospital and the excavation of a reservoir; claims to higher executive and judicial appointment vindicated by increased purity and impartiality in the subordinate courts; a readiness on the part of the native assistant-surgeon or Magistrate to confront disease or to bear isolation in jungly and unpopular posts, as well as to serve in the pleasant centres of civilization and the Presidency towns; a determination, in short, to act like the British officer as well as to write like the English journalist, and to speak like the platform politician—these are a few of the instances and ways by which the educated native can show his title to a larger and more direct share in the government of the country. At paper constitutions, as at lovers' perjuries, the Oriental Jupiter will only laugh.

The steps recently taken to establish female hospitals in India and to train female doctors, nurses, and midwives have very naturally the approbation of the author, as they must have of any sensible person. Nothing can be more politic or philanthropic than this plan of peaceably invading the Zenana, and providing relief as well as employment for the neglected female sex. But the plan simply originated with Lady Dufferin, and if this scheme and others for the higher education of women are actively supported by the Maharaja of Dhar, the chief of Phaltan, or the Nawab of Janjira, it will be solely owing to the example of the highest lady in India and the wives of Governors and Lieutenant-Governors of the Presidencies. This fact only lends point to the argument often urged in these columns, that there is hardly a single sound reform in India due to the spontaneous awakening of the native mind. Every abolition of a degrading custom, every step made in the direction of real progress, has been the act of some gifted Englishman or Scotchman "alien in blood and religion," and now described as the agent of a "foreign and unsympathizing rule." Left to itself native ardour is too apt to evaporate in vague wishes and fruitless talk. No better illustration of a measure of indigenous growth and manufacture can be found than in one of the appendices to the work. The author gravely asks the Viceroy to set apart some five or six millions sterling—in his own words, five or six *crores*—for the purposes of technical education, and he enumerates no less than seventy trades of which the workmen require to be aided by the State in order to do that which they and their ancestors have done, with precision and elegance of design and artistic finish, since the days of Manu. A practical refutation of this plea, quite apart from any considerations of finance, State aid, or political economy, was given by the Indian Department of the late South Kensington Exhibition.

LOUIS XIV. AND HIS COURT.*

IT is forty years since Miss Julia Pardoe's *Louis XIV. and the Court of France* was first published, and now we have a new edition of it—or rather, though the pages of the two do not answer to one another, a reprint of the original edition. The volumes before us are handsome; the woodcuts of the first edition again do duty here; and, instead of the single steel engraving which each volume then contained, each now has six finely-executed portraits. It has not, however, been thought worth while to supply an index; and this omission, at all times to be reprobated, is especially grievous in the case of these three large

volumes, which have no subject-headings to the pages. Miss Pardoe's work is pleasant to read; her style is lively and unaffected; she is rarely slovenly; and, though she has to deal with many risky incidents, she is never vulgar. What has to be said is said plainly, without any offensive suggestions or any false delicacy. It is much to be wished that all who take in hand to write on kindred subjects would study her books and try to follow her example. She shows considerable acquaintance with the works of many of the memoir-writers of her period, and especially with the *Memoirs of Mme. de Motteville*, the *Cardinal de Retz*, and *La Grande Mademoiselle*, and she knows how to use them to good effect. At the same time, she is largely indebted to the *Louis XIV. et son siècle* of Alexandre Dumas (the father), to which she refers pretty frequently in foot-notes. These references certainly do not appear to overstate the amount of her obligations; for a comparison of the two books will show that, besides using the great novelist as an authority for many stories that with little more trouble might have been given from their original sources, she often barely paraphrases his very words. Still, the writer of a book of this sort might borrow from many a worse storehouse than that to which she has resorted; for if Dumas can scarcely be called invariably trustworthy, he is at least invariably entertaining. And Miss Pardoe did not, we imagine, set herself to write a critical history, she took whatever came to hand, provided it suited her purpose, and with considerable skill worked her materials into a continuous and brightly-written narrative. Her book is faithful to its title throughout; it deals simply with the life of the Court. Few notices of the general affairs of the kingdom occur in her pages, and some of them are not exactly accurate. Monsieur, for example, certainly did not win the battle of Fribourg, and the failure before Tarragona took place two years before the taking of Gravelines. In a few introductory chapters on the Court of Louis XIII. we have Richelieu set before us, not as the founder of the power of France in Europe, but as the rejected lover of Anne of Austria; for Miss Pardoe accepts without hesitation the tattle on this subject that was in vogue some thirty years later, and tells at length the story that represents the Cardinal as dancing before the Queen "in a tight vest and trousers of green velvet, with silver bells at his garters, and castanets in his hands." When a Court intrigue was really connected with changes of political moment it is, of course, well to have it told at some length; and the account of the strokes which crushed the faction of the Importants is fittingly prefaced by a notice of the causes of the discontents of Mme. de Chevreuse and the Duc de Beaufort; though the sudden access of vigour exhibited by Mazarin and the Queen-Mother is somewhat unintelligible when, as here, it is not connected with the victory of Rocroy. Several instances are given of the greediness of Mazarin, who kept the young King ill-provided even with the necessities of life, and reduced the Queen's ladies to eat the remains of her supper, and to use her table-napkin. Worse than all, he was certainly guilty of neglecting the King's education. "In all that related to his physical development he was zealous; it was the intellect, not the passions or the bodily strength of the prince [King], he wished to cripple." France suffered in silence under his oppression, and he was not roused from his fancied security until his friend and agent Emeri, the financier, attacked Paris with fines and duties on the necessities of life.

While the quarrel between the Court and the Parliament of Paris is passed over somewhat lightly, due prominence is, of course, given to the important effect that the victory of Lens—the name here is invariably printed *Sens*—had on the action of the Queen Mother. As soon as the *Te Deum* for the victory was over, Comminges was sent to arrest Broussel. The incidents of the *Journée des Barricades* are told with spirit. Indeed, in the whole of her narrative of the Fronde Miss Pardoe is perhaps at her best; she has many picturesque scenes to describe, such as the appeal of Mme. de Longueville and Mme. de Bouillon to the Parisians at the Hôtel de Ville, or, to take another out of many instances that offer themselves, the violent commotion that broke out in the city when the people heard of the intended flight of the Queen, and demanded to see the young King, and in each case she tells her story excellently. At the same time, it is impossible to gain any clear idea of the progress of the struggle from her account of it; for she fails to give prominence to the crises that from time to time changed the position of affairs. By far the most interesting figure during this period is La Grande Mademoiselle, the heiress of the immense wealth of her mother, Marie de Bourbon, the first wife of Monsieur. The question of her marriage comes up again and again. Kings and princes sought her hand, but she declined every offer that was made for her in her youth, and at last threw herself away by marrying a worthless adventurer. During the last two years of the Fronde she played a part worthy of a granddaughter of Henri IV. No picture of her or her doings can compare with that she has herself drawn in her *Memoirs*. Still Miss Pardoe has studied her volumes to advantage, and, though her version of Mademoiselle's own account of how she took her father's city of Orleans is a long way behind the original, it may be read with pleasure. We observe that throughout the story "the Princess" is printed in error for "the Princes." Here, too, may be read how she rescued Condé when hard pressed outside the walls of Paris, threw open the Porte St-Antoine to his troops, and turned the cannon of the Bastille on the royal army; and how she went down to the Hôtel de Ville on the night of the massacre of July 4 to do what she could to save the lives of the party of order. Just before the massacre, we are told that the Princes returned from the

* *Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century.* By Julia Pardoe. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1886.

Hôtel de Ville to the Luxembourg, "never suspecting the violent manner in which the populace were enforcing their demands." On the contrary, there is good reason to believe that the whole affair had been arranged by Condé beforehand. Paris wished for the return of the King; the party of Orleans was strong; and the Prince, finding that no one wanted his presence, determined to strike a blow that would make Monsieur unpopular, and would, as he hoped, bring the city into his own power. When Christina of Sweden was at Fontainebleau, Mademoiselle, who was then in disgrace at Court, obtained leave to visit her. Ever scrupulous in all matters of etiquette, she arranged the particulars of her reception before she came; and then, having "made an elaborate toilette," arrived at the palace attended by four of her ladies. She had heard marvellous stories of the Queen, and was greatly troubled in mind "lest she should not be able to preserve her gravity during the presentation." Christina, however, had on that day dressed herself with care, and the ladies got on well with one another, though Mademoiselle was shocked by the Queen's hearty oaths and unrestrained gestures. When Christina was next at Fontainebleau, her visit was brought to an end by the murder of Monaldeschi. She was not dislodged without some trouble, and, in answer to Mazarin's letter informing her of the King's displeasure, assured him that she cared very little for the Court of France and still less for him. Almost from the boyhood of Louis the history of his Court is chiefly concerned with the ladies who enjoyed his favours, and a considerable portion of these volumes is consequently devoted to the rise, progress, and decline of the King's fancy for each of them. Of Mlle. de la Vallière we hear a good deal, for Miss Pardoe greatly admired "her timid, tranquil, and unobtrusive affection." Without denying anything that is said of her here, we find it impossible to be enthusiastic about a lady who sinned and repented by turns, or indeed at the same time; who was always "drowned in tears" of mortification or of remorse, and yet was only too delighted to be fetched back from the convent at Chaillot. Still matters changed for the worse in many ways after the King transferred his favours from her to Mme. de Montespan; and the terrible death of Madame, of which many particulars are given here, was followed by a dreary period of joyless extravagance. It is, we think, a mistake to imagine that gratitude had anything to do with the marriage of Françoise d'Aubigné, afterwards Mme. de Maintenon, to Scarron. That was a feeling that never at any time disturbed that excellent lady's calculations. "J'ai mieux aimé l'épouser qu'un convent," if not her very words, may at least be taken as expressing the reason of her first marriage. As regards her part in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Miss Pardoe is certainly right in connecting it with the influence of the Jesuits over her, and her anxiety to secure their help in the matter of her marriage with the King. The last years of Louis were melancholy and almost ghastly. As death followed death in the Royal family the belief that they were produced by poison waxed stronger. Louis perhaps believed that it was so; he hated his nephew Orleans, and, counselled by Mme. de Maintenon, tried to rob him of his rights in favour of the Duc du Maine. The fruitless intrigue and "the persecutions to which Louis was subjected" are fully described here. Several notices of the literary men of the reign and of their principal works are scattered through these volumes. On the other hand, though we have a long character of Le Tellier, we have not been able to discover any account of the destruction of Port Royal, or indeed of the Jansenist movement. While, however, Miss Pardoe's book is not without some faults, it contains a great deal that is interesting and amusing, and, as far as it goes, presents, on the whole, an accurate as well as a brightly-drawn picture of one side of the long reign of Louis XIV.

THE HUNTER'S ARCADIA.

"THE Hunter's Arcadia" is that portion of South Africa which, in the author's opinion, is well worthy of recommendation to English sportsmen in search of amusement, combined with excellent shooting and hunting as applied to the pursuit of birds and animals with gun and rifle. Mr. Gillmore is, we must say, very dogmatic regarding some of his views. These views he steadfastly adheres to, and those who venture to differ with him are made to appear as considerably worsted in the encounter. He also branches off into statements and reasonings having little, and often nothing, in common with the subject he otherwise treats fairly well. For example, at p. 288 we read as follows:—

On my way back to my beast I brooded much on the mutability of human affairs; but, strange to say, that interesting study did not prevent my making safe and rapid progress over the rough ground I had to traverse; in fact, I must have been like one intoxicated, that finds the pavement too narrow for his progress, yet can find the way to his bedroom. . . . When all goes right with us in this world, we are courteous, considerate, and easily satisfied; when the opposite is the case, we are the reverse. . . . No! I much fear it was not having the trophies to lay at my bonny lassie's feet that did it. Oh! woman, woman! you have much to answer for.

Mark Antony sacrificed all for his divinity. Although in this realistic age such sacrifices become less common, there are still, I think, men left among us that would make them; and, strange to say, I do not think the worse of them for that.

Truly the above is an extraordinary mixture of moral philo-

sophy and sport. On the next page and on several that follow our author has a shot at the Irish; probably he has some private spite in that direction which may be his excuse. He says:—

I am a Scotchman and a Celt; but all know that there is a wide divergence between the Celt of Scotland and the Celt of Ireland; in fact, there are Celts and there are Celts. Such being the case, I have carefully studied those differences which separate the Celt of Ireland from the Celt of Scotland.

Coming to no hasty conclusion, and giving due weight to a matter that is worthy of more than ordinary consideration, I find that of all the races of human beings that I have become acquainted with, whether they be Digger Indians from the Rocky Mountains of Sonora, whether they be Kalmucks from the Steppes of Siberia, or whether they be natives of the interior of Africa, none so much resemble the baboon as an Irishman who claims his direct descent from Finn M'Coul or from some king whose name begins with an O or a Mc. Kings were as plentiful as blackberries in those days. What a delightfully aristocratic place Ireland must have been to reside in!

We will now refer to some portions of the work before us that are more likely to interest a sporting reader than what we have lately quoted. In his preface Mr. Gillmore thus narrates a conversation he had with a Government official:—"Sir, you dress field sports in Colonies in an attractive garb." "Not more so than they deserve," replies our author. Quoth the official, "A man of your years should be ashamed of himself; you will have all the youngsters going in for rifles, horses, and dogs, and when they should be studying stock-raising, irrigation, subsoiling, and chemical manures." Mr. Gillmore scarcely politely, though forcibly, remarks:—

Nothing of the kind. You have passed your life in a Government office at home, and so know as little of the outer and bigger world as the majority of stay-at-home Englishmen do,—that is, about as much as an Irish [why Irish?] pig does of social etiquette. Listen, and I will give you my reasons for encouraging a love of field-sports in those youths that emigrate. . . . Good morning, Mr. Bureaucrat, and may my remarks do you good.

Now we who review this book are inclined to sympathize with the much-snubbed official, especially if he was the father of a family.

We, in our humble opinion, do not consider that time devoted to guns and rifles and to the pursuit of game therewith would secure a competency to a youth sent out into the world as easily as the said time devoted to business of whatever kind it might be. According to Mr. Gillmore, every person visiting South Africa, who has shooting proclivities and is gifted with the smallest powers of description, deems it his duty to the world at large to give information regarding the sport to be had among the large game of this portion of the world, but seldom do such writers say a word upon the smaller game which is to be found there in great abundance.

This neglect Mr. Gillmore endeavours to correct, for he says:—"If the reader will travel with me in thought, at least, I will endeavour to tell him how and where game can be killed, ranging over all the intermediate sizes between that of the green plover and roe-deer."

This line of instruction is not, however, adhered to, as leopards, buffaloes, ant-bears, and wild boars are fully treated; still, if we find a book contains more than bargained for, we suppose we ought not to complain, notwithstanding the reverse is carefully paraded therein. In *The Hunter's Arcadia* we find a good deal of interesting matter concerning birds, one of the best accounts being of the secretary bird, which beats its prey to death by literally jumping on it and striking it with its feet. This bird is about four feet in height, its legs being remarkably long, strong, and sinewy. The greater part of its time is spent upon the ground searching for its food, which consists of rats, mice, and snakes; hence it is rigorously protected, as may be imagined, in the countries it frequents, and is there regarded as a public benefactor, as indeed it is.

When the secretary bird, says Mr. Gillmore, is attacking a small snake—one under three feet long—it conducts the encounter in a most summary and offhand manner, apparently treating its poison-fanged foe with the greatest contempt. With a few hurried steps, and the head and neck lowered, the assailant advances, and when within reach of the snake it draws itself up to its full height, then presents the tip of one of its wings to the reptile, which latter rapidly strikes it. This is again and again repeated, but the venomous teeth come into contact with nothing but feathers. When the snake is somewhat tired, then the bird places its foot with great force on the reptile's head, and in another moment its brains are laid open. It seems that, when a large snake is fallen in with, the secretary bird, after having previously tired it out in futile combat, bears it high into the air and then drops it on to the hard ground. The bird, then descending at the same time with great rapidity, beats the snake to death with its feet, where it lies stunned and helpless.

In Chapter XIX. we have a capital description of the ant-bear or aard-vark, beginning in this curious way:—"I have heard it said that 'men are often unjust to one other, women always so,' but I am certain they cannot be more so than the porcupine is to the aard-vark."

This chapter we can recommend as well worth the attention of our readers, as can we Chapter XXII., with its account of an adventure with a leopard. On the last page of *The Hunter's Arcadia* we are introduced to the borderland of the big-game country. Mr. Gillmore had missed his attendant. He writes:—

My eyes had not far to search; behind me he stood, his eyes distended to double their ordinary size; a fixed intent stare was in them that spoke volumes. What was he staring at? what was the fascination that had

* *The Hunter's Arcadia*. By Parker Gillmore. London: Chapman & Hall.

such an influence upon him? A trifle to the uninitiated, a mere bagatelle, a simple indentation in the sand; but to the experienced it told a tale that the monarch of the brute creation had consecrated (*sic*) the spot by putting his foot down upon it—it was the spoor of a lion!

Thus, says Mr. Gillmore, we leave the small game of South Africa, and enter into the habitat of the larger, and our author leads us to hope that he will some day give us a description of his experiences therein. Should this suggestion be fulfilled, we trust that the mannerisms and superfluous opinions foreign to his subject may be omitted. That Mr. Gillmore could write a book without these serious defects we feel assured, and that the reading public would be gainers by such omissions is evident. For the most part the book before us, when treating of sport, is written in a pleasant chatty style, notwithstanding its slangy diction and peculiar phraseology; but then a life in the wilds of South Africa, amid some of the worst-mannered of the human race, is hardly conducive to polished English and well-turned sentences. If a sportsman is able, by reading *The Hunter's Arcadia*, to derive both knowledge and amusement therefrom, he will doubtless overlook the peculiarities and faults we have been obliged to condemn. The illustrations cannot be considered good, and have little individuality about them; the best is the one of a leopard at p. 214. The cat-like repose of the figure and cunning expression of the eyes are very truthfully sketched.

IMAGINATION IN LANDSCAPE-PAINTING.*

MR. HAMERTON'S latest publication may be looked upon as a sort of annex or supplement to his elaborate work called *Landscape*. Like that luxurious volume, the present one is richly illustrated, and contains a proportionate amount of ingenious, often interesting, and always desultory, thought. The author plays with his subject, keeping but a very light rein on the course of his argument, careless apparently whether he is going and little anxious to arrive anywhere in particular or in any given time. At starting he spends, not to say wastes, a good deal of time in settling what he means by the word imagination. He decides at last to include fancy and invention in the term as practically synonymous with it. In the course of the discussion he instances the want of clear distinction between fancy and imagination as applied by Wordsworth to his poems, and incidentally criticizes the poet for suggesting that the cuckoo is always invisible. He routs this notion triumphantly by asserting that he himself has seen the bird several times, and that Mr. Gilbert White actually saw several at once, adding, by way of confirmatory details in a footnote, that "the birds were skimming over a large pond and catching dragon-flies." This is how he begins, and as Mr. Hamerton begins as he means to go on, the reader will be able to judge pretty accurately of the digressive character of the whole work.

But, if Mr. Hamerton's pace is slow, his stages are short; for in this slender volume there are no less than twenty chapters, at the end of each of which the reader can take rest and refreshment if he so will. He may thus find opportunity for reflection on what he has been reading, and this he is likely to feel necessary, as the author intermixes argument, illustration, and anecdote, leaves the etymological for the philosophic, the general for the personal, and the artistic for the scientific so frequently and unexpectedly, that a process of sifting and arranging of ideas is really quite necessary occasionally to steady the mind. In one such interval the reader may probably think that, though it is undoubtedly desirable to start with a definite notion of what we mean by the word imagination, we do not get much further when we decide, as Mr. Hamerton does, that the faculty of remembering the appearance of what we have seen is properly to be called "imagination." Etymologically this may be a right view, and the case would stand in this way—to remember what we hear is only memory, but to remember what we see is imagination. Or, in other words, imagination may possibly be correctly used when applied to a faculty of reproducing mere facts when these facts are images. To us it seems that it would be much more convenient to speak of such imagination as this as memory than to speak of that kind of memory as imagination. At all events, that is not what we mean by imagination when we use it in connexion with landscape-painting or any other art. We mean by it the faculty of calling up images which are not mere facsimiles of things we have seen, however like they may be to them. The most imaginative of those images will be those in which the connexion with memory is the most remote, so remote that they assume the character of creations generated without conscious intention; the least imaginative will be those in which the connexion with memory is most obvious, rendering familiar sights in a manner suggested by some slight personal fancy or feeling. Any kind of imagination which cannot be separated from simple memory is one which need not be considered in a work on imagination in landscape-painting.

The reader at the close of another chapter may also think that the author has missed many of the opportunities of his subject by too rashly adopting a rash construction of a saying of Mr. Ruskin's, from which it appears to him that the Professor draws no distinction between imagination, fancy, and invention. This may partly account for the fact that he has not made any serious attempt to discriminate between different classes of imagination applied to

landscape, which before we opened the book we fondly hoped would be the main endeavour of it. What new ground was here, what a large field! Of imagination in landscape-painting, as distinguished from imagination applied to science and architecture and chess and other matters which are outside of his subject, he does, indeed, say much; but of the different kinds of imagination shown by different landscape-painters such enlightenment as may be found in his volume is due almost entirely to the illustrations. They appeal to us rather pathetically, these pictures, from between pages which bear them as an ornament to discussions with which they are but remotely concerned. Is there not some difference of quality, if not of kind, between the imagination of Turner and Ruysdael, of Claude and Constable? and would he not have found such terms as fancy and invention useful in distinguishing them? For, whatever Mr. Hamerton may say or however misused or interchangeable the terms may be in ordinary use, the words are not identical. Imagination bears a sense of deeper emotion, fancy one of lighter caprice, invention one of more striking novelty. The distinction is perhaps more strongly marked (as is often the case) in the adjectives than the nouns. Few would speak of the *Madonna di San Sisto* as a work of fancy; still fewer would call it fanciful. When we think of the different proportions in which imagination, fancy, and invention are combined in the works of Salvator Rosa and Cuypp, Corot and Cox, Turner and Dürer, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Hamerton would have thrown more light on his subject if he had attempted to define the proper uses of these different terms instead of fusing them into one.

But it would be unfair to quarrel with a book which contains so much suggestive thought and interesting experience because it has not been fashioned in complete accordance with our fancy. There can be no doubt that Mr. Hamerton's method is more calculated to stimulate reflection than one more formal and logical in its process, and if he does not keep to the straight path, he leads us to many odd corners and through many a pleasant byway. It is from this point of view that we now propose to consider one of his chapters. One will do as well as another for the purpose, and we will take by chance that entitled "Effect as the Expression of Nature." After pointing out that every scene in the world has effects that are specially suitable or unsuitable to it, and that such effects "depend upon a union of the forms of the earth with cloud forms, and on the display of both under the light that gives them the most perfect unity, and brings the finest features of the landscape into the most distinct relief, whilst reducing all that is commonplace to a subordinate position," he comes "to a matter of quite peculiar interest which underlies the influence of landscape art on man, and is probably its strongest force." Then comes one of those passages in which Mr. Hamerton is seen at his best:—

When we see—I mean we who are sensitive to these influences—when we see the kind of effect that we call an impressive or noble effect, our feeling is distinctly that the wonderful powers of nature are expressing themselves to us, in an especial manner, by the display of that transient beauty, or splendour, or melancholy solemnity. It seems like a communication from the Eternal Source to short-lived mortals, and this impression is enhanced—immeasurably enhanced—by the remarkable fact that the grander effects last just long enough for our powers of attention. They also begin quietly, gradually increase in intensity, reach their highest perfection, and then rapidly fade in colour, whilst the well-combined arrangement of form and light becomes disorganized. In this they exactly answer to our own capacity of attention, which is easily fatigued, and requires the most varied degrees of excitement; and so the natural effect is incomparably more interesting than the fixed representation of it in painting.

In the next paragraph Mr. Hamerton drops into somewhat commonplace reflection, and in the next he becomes very flat indeed, telling us that "the manner of the influence is by affecting our states of feeling," and that "if the feeling is not in ourselves already the effects of nature are perfectly impotent to excite it"—all which in plain English means that our feelings are influenced by being affected, and that we don't feel what we can't; but a little further on he becomes interesting again because he is personal. He tells us that he "sometimes wonders if there is anybody else in the world on whom the effects of landscape have as much influence as they have on him" (a sentence which would afford an inviting opening for an unfriendly critic); and gives us descriptions of two very opposite kinds of effect which delight him equally. Then Mr. Hamerton disappoints us again by declining to give even the most succinct account of the uses that landscape artists have made of effect as a means of influence upon our minds, as to do so would be to weary the reader with a repetition of much that he knows already. On the contrary, if Mr. Hamerton had applied himself to an exposition of this matter, he would probably have been more interesting than he has ever been before. Then we have a digression on the scorn of the transient and accidental by artists of the "grand style," which he traces to a confusion between figure and landscape art, and then he speaks of the tranquil breadth of many of the old masters, and the afternoon sentiment of Wilson and Cuypp. Marine pictures next engage his attention, and he makes the not very original remark that "their range lies chiefly between the extremes of calm and storm," and refers to the connexion between the sea and the fates of men, and alludes to Mr. Poole and Alexander Smith. A comparison between Turner and Girtin as to range of effects is then thrown in, and we are afterwards treated with remarks upon the comparative capacity of pen-drawing (used for typographic reproduction) and of etching, for representing "effects." This pen-drawing for typographic reproduction is, in its way, a new

* *Imagination in Landscape-Painting*. By P. G. Hamerton. London: Seeley & Co. 1886.

art, or an art with special restrictions, as it is no use to dilute the ink. What Mr. Hamerton says about it is well worth reading, for on all subjects of technical limits he is probably the greatest living authority. Here the chapter ends; and the reader will be enabled to gather from our summary account of it how full and various, if imperfectly organized, is the matter contained in Mr. Hamerton's latest contribution to the literature of the fine arts. He will also see that a perusal of it is something like a walk with a very young and active dog. If you keep to the road you will spend a good deal of time in standing still and whistling; if you follow the dog you will take an unusual amount of exercise.

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.*

WITH an admirable subject to work on and no want either of knowledge or parts, Lieutenant A. C. Yate has written a very irritating book, and, what is even more exasperating, he thinks he has done a virtuous thing. Here is Lieutenant Yate's very accurate description of his offence, and very contumacious justification thereof:—"I have made the basis of my book the letters I wrote from the Afghan Boundary Commission camp to the *Pioneer*, *Daily Telegraph*, and other journals. I have thought fit to preserve them rather than endeavour to rewrite a more connected narrative, partly because that which is written under the vivid impressions of the moment gives often a truer conception of events than a carefully considered narrative written a year later, and partly because my official occupation left me little leisure for literary work." The last clause may pass, but the first contains what we have no hesitation in condemning as a damnable literary heresy. Newspaper articles, written in haste and for immediate consumption, do not give "a truer conception of events" when they come to be collected into a book than a narrative based on them by the author himself, working at a later day when he has time to look at his subject as a whole, and keeps the proportions of the parts right. What they do give is a great deal of repetition and of mere talk which pass well enough in the communications of Our Correspondent, but become very tiresome when they have to be taken in the lump in a stoutish octavo of fairly close print. Lieutenant Yate does repeat himself; he describes a kikitka twice over, for instance, at length, and he worries away at the inefficiency, insufficiency, laziness, perversity, and mendacity of the camel-drivers till the reader is bored beyond endurance. No doubt these sinners vexed the soul of Lieutenant Yate exceedingly, and if he had said so and shown how for, say, five consecutive pages, we should have sympathized with him. As it is, however, they seem to have been used to make copy. Again, the letters were sent home to keep the public well posted in the movements of the Boundary Commission, and they served that turn well. When they come to be printed together, however, the mere movements, the goings to and fro, and the strikings of tents occupy too much space. Then, again, there is far too much discussion scattered in an unconnected way up and down. It was very sound in its day, and Lieutenant Yate might have given the substance of it again, but when reprinted, just as it was written, in *elices*, it is as stale as remainder biscuit. In short, the author has demonstrated most admirably the old truth, that reprinted newspaper articles, however good, do not make a book. The volume is well got up, illustrated by several capital sepia drawings, with a very clear little map of Penjdeh, or, as it is here spelt, Panjdeh, and another full map in a pocket, very thin, and requiring tender handling, but useful.

Lieutenant Yate followed the fortunes of the Commission from the beginning. He went through the dreary long march to Bala Murghab, saw the shameful scenes which followed the Penjdeh affair, and paid a visit to "Mashad." In the course of these wanderings he naturally saw much and noted it down in his letters. Not the least striking part of his experience is connected with the labours of the doctors on the Commission. As soon as it was known that the English doctors would attend all comers, the Afghans swarmed in from several days' journey on either side of the route, and Dr. Owen and his assistants had their hands full. The patients, who seemed to have been mainly afflicted with the great evil of all hot and dusty countries, diseases of the eyes, showed remarkable courage when being operated on. Little chloroform could be spared, but the Beluchs and Pathans submitted to the knife without a wince. In one day 288 patients were tended, and a large proportion were women. One old lady showed such especial courage during an operation on the eye that Dr. Owen complimented her particularly. Then she proved herself worthy of praise: When the assistant asked for her name, age, &c., from the husband, the good man replied with hesitation "Thirty years old," at which manifest misstatement there was a laugh among the other patients who crowded the tent. "The old lady herself was just being helped off the table, and having heard the question and answer, and the perhaps unbecoming merriment it elicited, she raised her bandaged and still sightless (though soon to regain their lost powers) orbs [*Does Lieutenant Yate think in German?*] to our faces, and, with a good-humoured smile and chuckle, ejaculated, 'You may not believe me, but blessed if I'm a day over fifteen.'" As this quotation shows, Lieutenant Yate's touch is not light;

but the story is to the credit of our Afghan "sister woman." The last chapter, which is headed "Military Strength of Persia and Afghanistan," promises rather more than it gives. The author is reduced to take his facts as to the Persian army mainly from M. Lessar's papers in the *Journal des Sciences Militaires*; but he adds a criticism from his own experiences which is of value and hopeful withal. Persia, it seems, has a nobility which officers its army to a great extent, and not inefficiently. "Whatever," says Lieutenant Yate, "the moral character of the lower class of officers, I can from personal experience say that some at least of the officers of good family are far from neglectful of the efficiency of the corps under their command—corps which are often recruited and officered from their own tribes and families." Here surely is an important element of military efficiency terribly wanting as a rule in the East, and notably among the Turks. Granted that the Persian gentleman has courage and patriotism (brains no one has ever denied him), he ought to give his country just what Oriental States usually want—namely, a body of intelligent field-officers. His social rank and kinship must secure him authority over his men. Lieutenant Yate speaks well of the soldierly qualities of the Persian, particularly of his docility and his power of standing fatigue. These things are very good, but they are not all. Morier, who knew the Persian as few have done, tells how one of that race once, in the simplicity of his heart, exclaimed, "Ah! what capital soldiers we Persians would make if it were not for the danger of being killed." This is a serious exception it must be acknowledged, and a man may learn his drill well and even shoot straight, may eat little and march far, and yet be wanting at the critical moment. Whether Morier's Persian was a rule or an exception, or was merely a wag, may be doubtful, but Lieutenant Yate is well founded in his belief that the Shah's subjects are most likely to fight well and on the right side if they are officered by Englishmen. It is to be noted that he shares the general belief in the energy and ability of the Shah's favourite son, the Zil es Sultan. If that man does seize the throne on the death of the present ruler, and he is said to have declared his intention to do so, then neither Russia nor anybody else will find the occupation of Persia a walk over.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF ROSSETTI.*

THE collected issue of the late Dante Rossetti's works in verse and prose appears in the well-known old binding which at once suggests thoughts of far-off, if not altogether unhappy, things and battles long ago; but it is not sent into the world in any combative spirit. We may as well say at once that the editor, Mr. William Rossetti, has discharged his task in the very best spirit. The collection is not quite complete, there being omitted some published work which Rossetti himself retracted (such as the famous sonnet of the "House of Life"), some printed work which Rossetti did not himself publish, and some MS. which the editor is of opinion that his brother would not have wished to see the light. However much one's appetite for *opera omnia* may be disappointed by this, it is impossible not to respect a spirit so different from that which has actuated too many recent biographers and editors. The notes, though few, are adequate; the introduction is written in a simple style, in good taste, and with a fair mixture of openness and reticence. The extreme moderation of tone may be judged from the fact that Mr. Rossetti says, in reference to the notorious "Fleshly School" article, "Having been retracted, let it be condoned," though he hints pretty plainly his opinion of the original act. A less severely guarded commentator might have been tempted to refer to the vindication of Rossetti (more complete than any retraction) which has since been made by his critic's loudly uttered admiration of M. Zola. The "House of Life" could not be justified by anything better than by the fact that it displeased an admirer of *La joie de vivre*.

Let us, however, say no more about the unlucky controversy which marred one man's reputation and another's life. Nor is it necessary (especially as it is understood that a regular life of Rossetti, with specimens of his correspondence, is forthcoming from the very capable pen of Mr. Theodore Watts) to discuss his biography further. These two volumes contain in practical, if not literal, completeness the whole of the work on which his strictly literary claims rest. If England were like France, we should probably see a quarto or folio edition on papier de luxe, illustrated by a Rossetti gallery of reproductions of the work in another art, with which the work in this art is so closely connected. But as it is we must be content with the bare print. In few cases has illustration such a double meaning, and we know one admirer of Rossetti (this side idolatry a long way, but still an admirer), who says that he never can thoroughly appreciate the poems, except with a drawing of the poet's before him, and who has accordingly provided himself with two specimens for his two places of study. It is open to any one to contend that there is as much of defect as of merit in this idiosyncrasy of Rossetti's, and doubtless there is. The "transition into another genus" is as bad in art as in philosophy, and it should be the secondary, not the primary, effect of a poem to call up a merely visual picture to the imagination. Yet to be able to do this is no small thing, and Rossetti did it, thanks to his two instruments, as hardly any other man has ever

* *England and Russia Face to Face in Asia.* By Lieutenant A. C. Yate. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1887.

* *The Collected Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.* 2 vols. London: Ellis & Scrutton.

done. His work, as here given, falls into three classes—original verse, verse translation, and prose. The work in the last division is neither large nor of the first interest. Rossetti was much more "exotic" in prose than in verse, and much less at home. The unlucky sentence which comes second or third in his reply to Mr. Thobert Buchland's diatribe—the sentence in which "anonymous," "nominate," and "pseudonymity" scarcely punctuate with sense a sentence of more than Swinburnian convolution and indirectness—probably prejudiced more people against the poet than the omitted sonnet itself. On the other hand, the translations, especially the Italian translations, beautiful as they are, need but little notice. For, in the first place, *nemo vituperavit*; their merit has been admitted by every competent person since their first appearance many years ago. And, in the second, for all their influence on the translator's vernacular style (if, indeed, English may be called his vernacular), they are much less Rossettian than the original poems. Let us therefore come at once to these.

We once knew a dreary pessimist who maintained that all written or spoken criticism of literature was but vain breath and uselessly spilt ink. A person who was fitted to like anything would like it without critical exposition, and he who was not fitted would not like it, though Longinus gave evidence to character of its sublimity and Petronius of its elegance. There is something in this; as far as Rossetti is concerned there is much. His poetry and his painting are both such as to attract strongly, and strongly to repel certain natures. The attracted ones may see the faults of both as clearly as possible, the repelled ones may sometimes at least (for the attitude of repulsion is always less critical in reality, though to the common apprehension it seems more so than that of attraction, and we are more unjust to what we hate than partial to what we love) admit in detail some of his merits. But both are more than in almost any other recent case driven to the simple "I like Rossetti," or "I don't like him." Yet it may be possible to give some reason for the faith that is in a reasonable liker to a reasonable disliker. If any one chooses to dismiss Rossetti as some have dismissed Crashaw (his nearest analogue, though with strange differences in English poetry) by calling him a mere "hectic amorist," there is nothing to be said to such. If any one goes to Johnson's famous essay for disparage of the "metaphysicals," and applies it to Rossetti, there is equally little to be said. And there is least of all, if any one objects to his frequent sins of indulgence in a stiff obscurity of pompous phrase which lends itself at once to parody. Yet it is almost impossible to understand how any one who feels the poetic attraction in its various forms should fail to feel it in Rossetti. The test of a poet, after all, is, Does he give us the poetical in some form which no other poet gives? And this Rossetti certainly does. In the first place, there is his above-noted power of constructing a poetic magic-lantern, of reproducing with the simple black and white of ink and paper, by the straight and formal arrangements of type and line, the rainbow hues of his own pictures, and the (it must be confessed) sometimes very singular contortions of his own drawing. To any one who has once seen a single characteristic picture of Rossetti's, and has then read his sonnets for pictures and his verse generally, the other pictures when they come to be seen are as reproductions only of what has been seen before. It has been said that this is not an unmixed merit, but it is a very remarkable gift and peculiarity. Again, there is no doubt that Rossetti possessed, in a curiously incomplete condition it is true, the direct ballad gift as no recent poet has possessed it. Take, for instance, the poem—faulty enough, as a whole—of "Rose Mary." Here even the fraternal judgment of Mr. William Rossetti hints his acquiescence in the condemnation of the "beryl-songs," though, by the way, there are fine things even in them. The poem is obviously too long, the motives and the course of the action are obscured by too much writing, and every now and then there are striking false notes of phrase—for instance, at the crowning moment the sword falls "prone"—a word which rather suggests the sword falling hilt forwards, if it suggests anything. Yet it is full of the most admirable touches. Of course the stone was an opal, not a beryl. To call it a beryl was just Rossetti's fun. And can anything describe a great opal better than this?—

With shuddering light 'twas stirred and strewn,
Like the cloud-nest of the wading moon
 ["Wading" is good enough, but *ga. waning?*],
Freaked it was as the bubble's ball,
Rainbow-hued with a misty pall,
Like the middle light of the waterfall.

Still better, if less elaborately beautiful, is the action of the mother when she has discovered the dead knight's treason and the cherished tresses of her daughter's rival:—

She lifted the lock of gleaming hair,
And smote the lips and left it there.

But the climax is the best of all, though, characteristically, Rossetti could not stop when he should, and added half a dozen mostly otiose stanzas and a useless beryl-song. After his description of the destruction and horror to sound and sight that followed the sword stroke, the dying fall of the following is quite perfect:—

And lo! on the ground Rose Mary lay,
With a cold brow like the snows ere May,
With a cold breast like the earth till spring,
With such a smile as the June days bring
When the year grows warm for harvesting.

It is quite certain that some day (if it has not been done already)

a commentator will object that in Northumberland, where the scene is evidently laid, the year does not grow warm for harvesting in June. That will be the crowning tribute to one of the most charming verses of recent poetry.

There may be much more difference as to the other side of Rossetti's work, in which he affects, in appearance at least, depth of meaning, and certainly affects or adopts an entangled and unnatural form of phrase. There will always be those who demur, with a demurrer not easy to overrule, to such lines as—

A song
So meshed with half-remembrance hard to free
As souls disused in death's sterility
May sing—

or, as the once much-discussed "Vain Virtues," and indeed as poems and portions of poems which meet one at every turn in the sonnets and not seldom in the apparently simpler pieces. In the case of most of these Thackeray's famous "Some will fail to apprehend your meaning; some will even doubt whether you had a meaning" applies, and not unfrequently, we might add, "Some will say that you had a very simple and commonplace meaning, which, on a mistaken theory of poetry, you strove to make strange and rare by mere obscurity of form." But, after making the largest allowances for these things, there will always be two classes of lovers of poetry—the happier ones who can appreciate what is good in all kinds, and the less but still happy ones who appreciate what is good in kinds specially sympathetic—who will go to Rossetti for something that neither finds elsewhere. Not a few whole poems, great parts of almost all, contain this curious charm—a charm generally complex, frequently rather morbid, never quite reaching the simplicity and directness and universality of the highest poetry, but "his own," and by no means "a poor thing" at any time; while to certain natures in certain moods it is probably better adapted to procure the special poetic rapture, and to procure it neither unhealthily nor unworthily, than the work of any other man.

THE LEGENDARY HISTORY OF THE CROSS.*

THE Christianity of the middle ages needed always material objects of veneration. When the purely spiritual teaching of the Apostles came to be the common property of a vast population, to whom previously everything in religion had been material, it fell upon soil unsuited to its higher development. The converts of the second and third centuries, with, of course, many a worthy exception, could form no clear idea of spiritual truth. The language of the New Testament either related in their minds to certain facts and certain things, or it had no meaning. The instruments of the Passion were as important to them as the Passion itself. They required for the sustentation of their faith some tangible idea; for the worship from which they had been turned had been not merely a worship of tangible objects, but of objects many of which conveyed to their minds no abstract or spiritual meaning whatever, nothing but the grossest and most direct suggestions, without poetry or allusion or symbolism. We have the works of great writers of the time; but in them there is little reflection of the mental attitude of the ignorant classes; and the professors of Christianity among the Latin races in particular, when the old religion had been suppressed, were unable to grapple with the difficulties of their novel position. The people whom they would have taught had no power to conceive abstract ideas. What was taught to them beyond the bare outlines of Christian morality and the names of the Deity and of the first founders of the new religion became almost suddenly materialistic. Heaven and hell acquired local attributes; relics of martyrs were venerated and preserved; everything that could inculcate and strengthen a belief in the reality of the Gospel story was emphasized and enhanced by all possible means. The Legend of the Cross is a favourable example of this kind of doctrine. Intended, no doubt, to be as much symbolical as possible, it became, in truth, the foundation of the most directly and distinctly objective teaching; and the supposed discovery of the actual wood by St. Helena, the Emperor's mother, sent a thrill through all Christendom, and was followed by the immediate spread among the Churches of a type of relic worship only worthy of the lowest fetishism of the most degraded savage. This strange result has not received adequate notice at the hands of modern writers, and the authors of the interesting and curious volume before us have not pursued the subject. They tell, however, all that is certainly known as to the fabric of the supposed true Cross; and they tell also the fanciful and not unpoetical old legend, without any impertinent comment or any sectarian or polemical expressions. The respectful veneration with which every Christian might regard what was looked upon as a genuine relic gave way in the end to what cannot be described by any English phrase except one which would imply that the votaries of the Christianity of the day had returned to the superstitions of their heathen ancestors.

When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
but far more interesting in many respects is the legend which relates to its earlier history.

* *The Legendary History of the Cross. A Series of Sixty-four Woodcuts, with an Introduction by John Ashton and a Preface by S. Baring-Gould. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1887.*

When Adam had fulfilled his nine hundred and thirty years, having, according to a Jewish tradition, given up seventy years in favour of his descendant David, he still clung to life, and, finding himself ill, sent his son Seth to the gates of Eden to beg for the oil of mercy. But the archangel was obdurate, and would only give him three seeds from the tree of life. These seeds were placed under Adam's tongue at his burial, and from them grew a cedar, a cypress, and a pine, which side by side adorned the Vale of Hebron, and marked the place where the body of Adam was returned to the "red earth." Of the wood of the trees was formed the rudder of the Ark, and with a branch Moses smote the rock. Another was Aaron's rod that budded. Before Moses ascended Pisgah he planted the rods in Moab, and there David found them and brought them to Jerusalem. They were laid in a cistern near the Tower of David till the morning, by which time they had taken root and entwined themselves into one stem, round which the King built a wall, hanging precious jewels to its branches, and composing his psalms in its shade. But Solomon cut it down for the building of his Temple, and made from it a beam thirty cubits in length. Yet, when he would have fitted it into a place, it was always too long or too short, and so was at last thrown aside as useless. When Balkis, Queen of Sheba, came to visit Solomon, she had to pass over the brook Kidron; but she recognized the wood of the foot-bridge, and, refusing to tread on it, waded through the water. At her desire Solomon brought it into the Temple, and covered it with gold and silver. When the Temple was despoiled, the Jews buried the wood on a spot where later the Pool of Bethesda was dug, and its virtues caused the healing of the sick who bathed in the water. At length, when the day of the Crucifixion was at hand, the holy wood floated up from the depths of the pool, and was selected by the high priest as suitable for the Cross. The remainder of the legend is even more apocryphal and even less poetical. St. Helena, when she had found it, "took one part thereof to send to the Emperor her Sonne, who put the same at Constantinople upon a fyne pyller of marble in the midst of the market," as Calvin, quoted by Mr. Ashton, tells the story. The other part remained at Jerusalem in "a copher of silver." Calvin goes on to argue against the authenticity of most of the fragments. "To be short, yf a man would gather together all that hath bene founde of this crosse, there would be enough to fraighte a great ship." But M. Rohault de Fleury has made a list of all the relics of the Cross in Europe and Asia of which he can find any record, and the sum amounts only to 3,941,975 cubic millimetres—a very small part indeed of what would be required to make a cross. At Mount Athos, Brussels, Ghent, Limburg, Paris, and Ragusa the fragments range from 800,000 to 130,000 millimetres; and in England we can boast of the existence of 30,516 cubic millimetres, of which 8,287 belong to Lord Petre in two pieces, and at St. Mary's, York, is a pectoral cross of the tenth century which contains two fragments.

Calvin comments with equal bitterness on the number of the iron nails which had been preserved. He contrasts the opposing claims of Milan and Carpentras to the possession of Constantine's bride, of which the bit was made of two of the nails, and goes on to say that there is one at Rome, one at Sienna, and one at Venice, and that there are two in Germany, one at Cologne, one at Trier, one in the Sainte-Chapelle at Paris, one at the Carmelites, and one at St. Denis, together with three more at Bourges and other places. But Mr. Ashton enumerates no fewer than thirty-two in twenty-nine towns, including three at Venice, two at Rome, a point at Compiègne, and the famous Iron Crown preserved at Monza, which is a circlet of gold "indebted for its name of 'Iron' to a thin band of that metal" within. The crown is too small to be actually worn; but Charlemagne was crowned with it in 774, and "Napoleon did not think himself King of Italy until he had placed this precious diadem on his head in 1805."

The title in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin is said to have been found by St. Helena with the Cross. It was brought to Rome and deposited in the basilica of Santa Croce. It is said to have been hidden in the time of Valentinian lest it should be stolen by the Goths; but it was seen in or about 570 by Antoninus Martyr, after whose time it disappeared, to be discovered again built up in an arch near the roof, enclosed in a leaden box, on the cover of which these words were engraved, "Hic est titulus veræ Crucis." It was found to be a little board about a hand's breadth and a half, much decayed, covered with a partially legible inscription in Latin and Greek, the writing being from right to left, Hebrew fashion. A line of writing has been broken off the upper part, but parts of a few letters which remain may have been those of the Hebrew title. Altogether this curious object, which has been often described and figured, and of which Mr. Ashton gives two pictures, shows that skillful forgers of antiquities were never wanting to the Church. At the latest it must date from the fifteenth century, and may be much older.

In addition to the sixty-four woodcuts mentioned on the title-page the volume contains many illustrations, including one from Caxton's *Golden Legend*, together with a quotation of the passage which relates to "the invencion of the Holy Crosse." The wall-paintings at Stratford-on-Avon, which were destroyed in one of the periodical attacks of the "restoration mania" which visits that town with such fury, are also reproduced and described, and greatly add to the interest. The people who whitewashed Shakespeare's bust, who pulled down his house, who broke up his descendants' monuments, and who would have dug up his bones had not all the world cried out upon them, could hardly be ex-

pected to spare the frescoes he must so often have seen and wondered at. Some of the pictures are said to be still in existence under the coats of lime; but it is sincerely to be hoped that the people of Stratford will let them alone, as the process they call restoration would, in their present frame of mind, finally ruin these curious relics of a forgotten period of English art. They may be contrasted with the Dutch woodcuts of about the same period—the end of the fifteenth century—which Mr. Ashton reproduces with four lines of verse in red beneath each cut. The growth and development of this famous legend is thus fully detailed, and Mr. Ashton is to be congratulated on the care with which he has kept out of matters of controversy, and especially on the skill which he has shown in avoiding any statement of his own opinions. That the Empress Helena went to Jerusalem intending to find the True Cross, and that, on ground on which many thousands of crucifixions had taken place, she did find several crosses, and imagined that one of them could be discriminated from the rest is perhaps all that can be admitted as certain in the story. In ages of superstition and ignorance, and when the tangible and visible was thought necessary to the sustentation of faith, such a story was sure to grow. The tree of Odin, says Mr. Baring Gould, became the Cross of Calvary. The romance was improved by the addition of floating tales and fragments of old material, and pieced with every scrap of allusion to a tree which could be found in Scripture. Neither Mr. Gould nor Mr. Ashton has been able to trace the story to any one author; but it probably acquired by slow degrees the vast proportions in which we find it at the end of the fifteenth century.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

PARIS (unlike the world which it sometimes assumes itself to be) knows a good deal of its greatest men. But it has never been very full of information or gossip about the late author of *Hommes et dieux*. Paul de Saint-Victor passed not only for being a gentleman by birth, but for being very conscious of the fact; and he kept himself rather aloof from all but his special friends. M. Alidor Delzant, one of his literary executors, and, since the death of the bibliophile Jacob and in the face of M. Renan's many employments, almost what Lamb would have called "the whole head and sum of the executory," has undertaken to supply the want rather by a kind of extended essay than by a regular biography (1). It contains some interesting matter. It appears that the family name was "*Binsse* de Saint-Victor," and that, being "*d'origine créole et fixée en Écosse*," it came to France with James II. This is odd. Why should any West or East Indian family have settled in Scotland before 1688, and what is "*Binsse*?" "*Binns*?" which is a not-unknown name both in England and Scotland. What a dreadful thing if the flamboyant critic's real name should have been just plain Paul Binns! However, there is no doubt of his technical nobility. Another odd thing in the book consists in the exceedingly frank information given to M. Delzant by the celebrated Mlle. Alice Ozy or Ozi of her relations with Saint-Victor. It appears that they were not wholly satisfactory. The French Cynthia did not find that Saint-Victor loved in a sufficiently "human sort of way"; and the fantastic ecstasies of himself and his literary and artist friends rather bored her. Lastly, M. Delzant exactly confirms what all sound critics have always held as to Saint-Victor's style. It seems to have been about as non-natural a thing as anything could be. He is asserted to have actually put down his *mots rayonnants*, his *mots de lumière*, as a very different writer has it, at intervals along a sheet of paper, and then to have woven them into a connected context by expletives and clauses of padding. Nothing could so thoroughly account for the singular drawback which at least some persons feel in Saint-Victor, the obvious signs of want of spontaneity. Sometimes no doubt, as in the dance-of-death and gipsy passages of the *Hommes et dieux*, the process has resulted in something extremely beautiful and curious of its kind. But there is always the "curio" feeling about it; the vague evidence of immense labour rather than of genuine gift. Nevertheless, Saint-Victor was a great writer in his own way, and this is an interesting memorial of him. We are glad to learn that M. Delzant proposes to continue and complete the arrangement of his friend's works exhumed from their journal-tombs.

We are distressed to find from the evidence of the fly-leaf of *Noir et rose* (2) that M. Ohnet's six novels have only as yet reached in combination their eight hundred and eightieth edition. Work so absolutely banal, with the *esprit de tout le monde* pervading it in such a considerate and adroit fashion, so entirely free from the insulting intention of being clever or distinguished, ought to have got to the thousandth by the beginning of 1887. However, 880 is, after all, not a bad figure (did not the benighted Ettrick Shepherd once declare that no book ever got into a genuine *thirteenth* edition during its author's lifetime?), indeed, it is a very pretty figure, and *Noir et rose* will doubtless add a hundred or two to the tale. There is really nothing to say about it. "*Noir*" is melancholy; "*Rose*," as a very clever person may guess, is not. The heroine of "*Noir*" is Miss Mellivan, whom every one will know at once to have been the daughter of the Marquess of

(1) *Paul de St.-Victor*. Par Alidor Delzant. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Noir et rose*. Par Georges Ohnet. Paris: Ollendorff.

Mellivan Grey. Marquesses' daughters are always called "Mies" in England, and Daisy Mellivan very properly even calls herself by that name. In *Heureuse?* (3) Mlle. de Besneray has brought together a trusting, amiable, but rather foolish husband, a wife who thinks herself an artist and misunderstood, but is really only a flighty minx to whom the discipline of the spaniel and the walnut tree might perhaps have done some good, a designing governess, a well-intentioned but weak *autre*, and so forth. The story is not devoid of pathos, but would bear a good deal more strength. As for M. Robert de Bonnières, he is a clever man. We regret that he has made it impossible for us to say any more of his book (4) than that his heroine when quite old enough to behave "distinctly," ate "buttered gingerbread, which she made into a sandwich with toast also thickly buttered, and dipped in her tea." A little sal-volatile remedied the first effects produced upon us by this description, and the vision of the appearance of Mlle. Jeanne Avril's ten-cup which it conjured up. But we feel that our account of the book would be too much coloured by the remembrance. Let us only repeat that M. de Bonnières is undoubtedly a clever man, despite this appalling passage. So is M. Edouard Cadol, who has done workmanlike work both before and in *Gilberte* (5). We do not know that he has yet done anything quite masterly, but though his tale of novels is growing rather long, there is no reason why he should not do something of the kind one of these days. And meanwhile he avoids (except a little slang now and then) most of the prevalent faults of French novel-writing.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE lady who told Dr. Johnson she was perfectly happy, and was rudely rebuked for her assurance by the incredulous sage, was probably too overpowered by the vehemence of her antagonist to vindicate herself. Possibly in happier circumstances she could have proved her assertion out of the fulness of her heart, and with much less labour than Mr. Alexander Calder has expended in order to set forth the broad road to happiness. "Virtue culture" is the panacea advocated in Mr. Calder's ethical discourse *For Happiness* (Trübner & Co.). Every form of ill is avoidable by him who throws religious dogmas to the winds, cultivates the best emotions, and conforms to the laws of nature in the worship of Hygeia. Regardless of the common experience of humanity, Mr. Calder says (p. 87), "Any person conversant with hygienic rules, attentively kept, need never suffer pain nor sickness," from which it would seem the writer makes light of the power of heredity. Mr. Calder is a moralist of lofty and virtuous intent, if we may judge from the motto from Lord Tennyson affixed to his book:—

Men sought to prove me vile,
Because I wished to give them greater minds.

Nothing better becomes a writer who takes so proud a position, and anticipates so base a reception of his charity, than a tender deference towards the susceptibilities of those whose errors he desires to correct, and whose moral guidance he feels competent to prescribe. And the obligation is intensified when the presumptive errors are the consolation of millions of suffering humanity and the fundamental tenets of a faith that is the well-spring of much of the noblest conduct and highest living among us. Temperance of style, however, is as far removed from Mr. Calder as profundity of argument. If it were not for certain quotations from living writers, and a crude *pastiche* of Professor Henry Drummond's theories, the book might well pass for a survival of eighteenth-century Deism. In dealing with the essential doctrines of Christianity, which he invariably styles dogmas, Mr. Calder goes even further, and reproduces very successfully the shallow materialism of Holbach and the lesser Encyclopædists. Nothing, for instance, could be more like a transcript from the *Système de la Nature* than this:—"If the great doctrine of the Atonement were true; if satisfaction were made some 1800 years ago, how is it that the amount of sin is so vast to-day?" (p. 11). And this passage admirably expresses the quality of his reasoning throughout the volume. It is, of course, inevitable that a writer who finds no mystery in life, in the existence of sin and suffering, should deny other mysteries; but it is surely incumbent on a moralist who points the road to human felicity, who is a self-appointed guide, and who denounces the dogmas of the Church as a chief cause of evil, to show a more excellent way, and be himself free from intolerance. The offensive terms in which Mr. Calder speaks of the most sacred of Christian mysteries are unworthy of a philosopher, and strangely conflict with his exhortations to pursue virtue and possess it. He seems to have become infected, as men grow like that which they contemplate, by his own distorted conception of the spirit of historical Christianity, and is himself convicted of the dogmatism he so loudly denounces when he argues (p. 152) "The hostility of the Almighty is seen in the utter discomfiture of popular Christianity on the Continent." The contrary assumption—"the devil is come among us, having great wrath"—is quite as reasonable

an explanation of the spread of infidelity, and scarcely more gratuitous.

Half-Hours with the Best American Authors (Warne & Co.) is a title that suggests Charles Knight's early attempts to popularize English literature, though these four volumes are compiled on a somewhat different principle. Mr. Charles Morris, the editor, seems to have desired to represent as many American writers as possible, and to give the briefest extracts from their works. The result is undoubtedly interesting, and should prove popular. Some two hundred and fifty authors figure in the selection, an array of "best authors" which must be considered highly creditable to American literature by any one who endeavours to name offhand as many best authors in our older and richer literature. A much harder task it would be to discover from Mr. Morris's index of names who the second-rate authors may be. Representation, on the scale adopted in these volumes, should be governed by popularity. A single lyric should suffice for an author so widely read as Longfellow, and far more space should be accorded to Prescott, Motley, and Washington Irving. The meagre extract from *Edgar Huntly* (i. 363) does not in the least represent the genius of Brockden Brown; nor can we find any example of the Hoffmannesque fancy of Fitzjames O'Brien. This last is perhaps the one serious omission to be noted.

Uncle Sam's Medal of Honour (G. P. Putnam's Sons) comprises some graphic recitals of gallant deeds for which the United States Medal of Honour has been awarded since the outbreak of the Civil War. Not a few of the heroes of these stirring incidents were mere boys when they earned the medal at Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, and in the Indian wars, and their personal narratives are exceedingly spirited and moving. Captain Munsell's "Trials of a Recruit" is a vivid account of remarkable experience, particularly pleasing from the ingenious character of its revelations. The book is capably illustrated by portraits and sketches, and contains an interesting appendix on military rewards in the United States by the editor, Brigadier-General T. F. Rodenbough.

What a distinguished economic authority terms "the marvellous puzzle of Indian finance" is the subject of an ingenious and able essay by Mr. Thomas Inwood Pollard, entitled *The Indian Tribute and the Loss by Exchange* (Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co.). Mindful perhaps of the bewilderment created by the discordant views of experts, Mr. Pollard has concentrated his views on the Silver question in a striking little apologue which is set forth in his preface. This concession to the much-tried reader is both thoughtful and politic.

Mr. James Ross has executed a difficult task with excellent taste and skill in his memorial volume of a remarkable preacher and teacher, *W. Lindsay Alexander; his Life and Work* (Nisbet). Although the material is drawn from many sources, and includes reminiscences entirely separate from Mr. Ross's biographical narrative, the book reveals the characteristics of Dr. Alexander with force and coherence, and is altogether readable and interesting. The literary work of Dr. Alexander appended to the memoirs comprises a selection of discourses on ethics and religious subjects, poems and hymns, of which several are translations, and *Lusus Poeticus*, a collection of Greek and Latin verse that circulated among the members of the Hellenic Society in Edinburgh. Among these are some versions in Latin of nursery-rhymes and of Burns's "Roy's Wife" and "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," the last of which is truly grotesque.

Mr. G. G. Chisholm's *Questions to Longman's School Geography* (Longmans & Co.) is skilfully devised to stimulate pupils who use the text-book on which it is based, to which it is in many ways a valuable companion. Another useful aid, designed for schools, but obviously beneficial to all beginners in history, is *Our National Institutions*, by Anna Buckland (Longmans & Co.). This is a simple exposition of the meaning of Local Government, the Budget, and so forth, and describes the functions and work of Parliament, Courts of Justice, the Church, in terse and accurate language.

Whitaker's Almanack is greatly enlarged this year, and the additions are, in every instance, of the right kind. So welcome as information and at the same time so completely opportune is the new matter that we are inclined to marvel how we contrived to do without it. All the old familiar features that have made *Whitaker's Almanack* the most popular of its class remain unaltered, and are never likely to suggest improvement, even to the searching ingenuity of the editor. Another well-established favourite is *The Service Almanack* (Harrison & Sons), a manual altogether complete in matter and arrangement. *Thom's Official Directory* (Dublin: Thom & Co.), in its forty-fourth year of publication, may be said to have reached the mature excellence that springs from a long career of success and usefulness.

We have received new editions of Mr. Matthew Arnold's *St. Paul and Protestantism* (Smith, Elder, & Co.), Mr. Christie Murray's *Aunt Rachel* (Macmillan & Co.), and *The Crescent and the Cross*, by Eliot Warburton (Warne).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

(3) *Heureuse?* Par Marie de Besneray. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Jeanne Avril*. Par Robert de Bonnières. Paris: Ollendorff.

(5) *Gilberte*. Par Edouard Cadol. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

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